

# THE ATHENÆUM

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## BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

The NEXT MEETING will be held at ABERDEEN, commencing on WEDNESDAY, September 14, 1859, under the Presidency of His Royal Highness the PRINCE CONSORT.

The Reception Room will be the Mechanics' Hall, Market-gate.

Notices of Communications intended to be read to the Association, accompanied by a statement whether or not the Author will be present at the Meeting, may be addressed to John Phillips, Esq., LL.D. F.R.S., Assistant General Secretary, University Museum, Oxford, or to Prof. Nicol, Prof. Fuller, and John F. White, Esq., Local Secretaries, Aberdeen.

JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S., General Treasurer.

Queen-street-place, Upper Thames-street, London.

## KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—THE PRO-

SPECTUS for the Academic Year commencing October 1, 1859 (containing information about the several Departments of Theology, General Literature, Medicine, Applied Sciences, and Military Science, as well as about the School and the Evening Class), is now ready, and will be sent on application to J. W. CURRIER, Esq., King's College, London, W.C. If letters are addressed "Prospectus" on the outside it will save delay.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

## GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF MINES, and of SCIENCE APPLIED TO THE ARTS.

Director.

Sir RODRICK IMPEY MURCHISON,  
D.C.L. M.A. F.R.S. &c.

During the Session 1859-60, which will commence on the 3rd October, the following ACADEMIC LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:—

1. Chemistry. By A. W. Hofmann, LL.D. F.R.S. &c.
2. Metallurgy. By John Perry, M.D. F.R.S.
3. Natural History. By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy. By W. H. Miller, M.A. F.R.S.
5. Mining. By A. C. Ramsey, F.R.S.
6. Geology. By A. C. Ramsey, F.R.S.
7. Applied Mechanics. By Robert Willis, M.A. F.R.S.
8. Physics. By G. G. Stokes, M.A. F.R.S.

Instruction in Mechanical Drawing, by Mr. Binn.

The Fee for Matriculated Students (exclusive of the laboratory) is 50s. in one sum, on entrance, or two annual payments of 25s.

Pupils are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the laboratory of the school), under the direction of Dr. Hofmann, at a fee of 10s. for the Term of Three Months. The same fee is charged in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Perry. Tickets to separate Courses of Lectures are issued at 2s. 6d. each. Officers in the Queen's Service, Her Majesty's Consuls, acting Mining Agents and Managers, may obtain Tickets at reduced charges.

Certificated Schoolmasters, Pupil-Teachers, and others engaged in Education, are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced Fees. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has granted two Exhibitions, and others have also been established.

For a Prospectus and Information, apply at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn-street, London.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

## HUDDESFIELD COLLEGE, Instituted for the Purpose of affording, at a Moderate Expense, a Superior Commercial and Collegiate Education upon a Scriptural Basis.

At the commencement of the next Quarter (October 3rd) the Principal will be prepared to RE-OPEN a FEW ADDITIONAL BOARDERS into his House (a portion of the College Buildings). Terms and Prospectus may be obtained on application to the Hon. Sec. or to SAMUEL SHARPE, LL.B., Principal.

August 15, 1859.

13, CLIFTON-GARDENS, MAIDA-HILL.

## LADIES' SELECT CLASSES: not more than Twelve in each Class.

Principals—S. G. CAMPANELLA and SIGNORA  
G. CAMPANELLA, nee Lindley.

Assisted by a resident English Governess, and by the first Masters.

The CLASSES RE-COMMENCE AFTER THE HOLIDAYS,  
on the 15th September.

Signor G. Campanella gives Lessons in Singing and Italian, in  
Schools and Families. Prospectus and any information may be  
had from him at his residence, 13, Clifton-gardens.

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In this Establishment, an attempt is made to combine the  
advantages of Private Tutoring with those of Scholastic Life. The  
elder Pupils, after the Holidays, will occupy a separate House,  
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Terms: School, 50 and 60 guineas per annum; College Class, 70  
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WM. KNIGHTON, LL.D., Principal.

## WESTBOURNE COLLEGE, BAYSWATER- ROAD, W.

Patrons.

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The Right Hon. and Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, Visitor.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Winchester.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ripon.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Jamaica.

Principal and Head Master—The Rev. CHAS. MACKENZIE,  
M.A. Oxford, Prebendary of St. Paul's, assisted by Ten eminent  
Masters, including native teachers of French and German.

Fees, for Day Pupils, according to age—Six, Seven, and Eight  
Guineas per Term. Entrance, Two Guineas; Stationery, One  
Guinea per annum.

MICHAEL-MAS TERM will commence on THURSDAY, the  
22nd of September, and continue till the 21st of December.

After Christmas Evening Classes will be held at the College.

The Masters receive Boarders at their own houses.

For Prospectus, and further particulars, apply to the Rev.  
Wm. Poulton, Hon. Sec., at the College, or 32, Inverness-road, W.

## MR. TRAVERS, B.A. Oxon, and Assistant- Master of University College School, London, can receive TWO or THREE additional PUPILS in his spacious RESI- DENCE, 4, FITZROY-SQUARE.

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## MILITARY EDUCATION.—Preparation for every branch of the Service at the PRACTICAL MILITARY COLLEGE.—This establishment has again passed first on the list at the last Examination for Direct Commissions. It has sent two candidates to the last Competitive Examination for Sandhurst, and both were admitted. It has also passed two pupils at the last competition for the Artillery (altogether 55 successful pupils since 1857, of which four passed first, two second, two third, &c. A Laboratory and extensive Collections for Experimental and Natural Sciences have lately been added.—Apply to Capt. LENDY, Sunbury, S.W.

## THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, SESSION 1859-60.—The Session opens on MONDAY, October 3rd, with an Introductory Address by Mr. HENRY, at 8 o'clock p.m. The Hospital contains upwards of 300 beds, of which 155 are for Surgical and 150 for Medical cases. 3,000 in-patients were ad- mitted during the past year; the number of out-patients during the same period amounted to 16,400.

General Fee for attendance on the Hospital Practice and Lec-  
tures required by the College of Surgeons and Apothecaries' Com-  
pany, 51s. This sum may be paid by instalments of 35s. at the  
beginning of the first session, 35s. at the beginning of the second  
session, and 11s. at the beginning of the third session. For every  
additional session, 10s.

This fee admits the Students to the Practical Chemistry course,  
and to all other lectures delivered in the College except Comparative  
Anatomy.

All Students on entering will be required to sign an undertak-  
ing to conform to the laws relating to the discipline of the Hospi-  
tal and College.

T. W. NUNN, Dean.

## ST. THOMAS'S MEDICAL SESSION.

A GENERAL INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by  
Dr. R. T. DUNDAS THOMSON, on SATURDAY, 1st October,  
1859, at 3 o'clock p.m., after which the Distribution of Prizes, &c.,  
will take place.

Gentlemen have the option of paying 40s. for the first year, a  
similar sum for the second, and 10s. for each succeeding year; or  
50s. at one payment, as perpetual.

## PRIZES AND APPOINTMENTS FOR 1859-60.

Voluntary Matriculation Examinations are held early in  
October, and Prizes are given in each of the three following  
divisions:—

1st. In Mathematics, Classics, and Ancient History. The  
President's Prize of 50 guineas.

2nd. In Physics and Natural History. A College Prize of 20s.  
3rd. In Modern Languages and Modern History. A College  
Prize of 20s.

To the Three most distinguished Pupils for General Proficiency  
in each year, the following Prizes are awarded:—

FIRST YEAR'S STUDENTS.

1st. The Treasurer's Prize of 30 guineas. 2nd. A College Prize  
of 20s. 3rd. A College Prize of 10s.

SECOND YEAR'S STUDENTS.

1st. A College Prize of 30s. 2nd. A College Prize of 20s. 3rd. A  
College Prize of 10s.

The Dressers, and the Clinical Clerks, are awarded to merit,  
after examination.

THIRD YEAR'S STUDENTS.

1st. A College Prize of 30s. 2nd. A College Prize of 20s. 3rd. A  
College Prize of 10s.

The Dressers, and the Clinical Clerks, are awarded to merit,  
after examination.

Mr. Geo. Vaughan's Chesheld Medal. The Treasurer's Gold  
Medal.

Mr. Newman Smith's Prize of 5s. for the best Essay on 'Neu-  
ralgia.'

The Two House Surgeons, the Resident Accoucheurs, and the  
Dressers, are periodically selected, and are provided with Rooms  
and Commons in the Hospital, free of expense.

A Hospital Registrar at an Annual Salary of 50s.

Students of each year are claimed according to their respective  
total merits in the Examinations, and all of the First Class  
receive Certificates of Honour.

## MEDICAL OFFICERS.

Dr. Roots, Consulting Physician; Mr. Green, Consulting Sur-  
geon; Dr. Barker, Dr. J. Rindon Bennett, Dr. Golden, Mr.  
Moore, Mr. Midgley, Mr. H. Gervie, Dental Surgery, Mr.  
Simon, Dr. Peacock, Dr. Bristowe, Dr. Waller, Mr. Whitfield.

Clinical Instruction is given at stated times by the Medical and  
Surgical Officers; and a systematic Course of Medical Clinical  
Lectures, by Dr. Barker. Descriptive and Surgical Ana-  
tomy—Mr. Le Gros Clark and Mr. S. Jones. Chemistry and  
Practical Chemistry—Dr. R. Dundas Thomson. Midwifery—  
Dr. Waller. Practical Midwifery—Mr. H. Gervie. General Pa-  
thology—Mr. Simon. Botany—Dr. Bristowe. Comparative  
Anatomy—Mr. W. M. Ord. Materia Medica—Dr. Peacock.  
Forensic Medicine—Dr. Barker. Public Health—Dr. Headlam  
Greenhow. Anatomical Demonstrations—Mr. Rainey and Mr.  
W. M. Ord. Demonstrations Morbid Anatomy—Dr. Bristowe  
and Mr. S. Jones. Microscopical Anatomy—Mr. Rainey.

Students can reside with some of the Officers close to the Hospi-  
tal.

The Patients are admitted daily at Half-past Nine a.m., and the  
Out-Patients seen at the same time.

To enter or to obtain Prospectuses and further information,  
apply to Mr. WHITFIELD, Medical Secretary, resident at the Hospi-  
tal.

## QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.

Incorporated by Royal Charter.

The WINTER Session of the Faculties of ARTS, MEDICINE,  
ENGINEERING, and AGRICULTURE, will commence  
on MONDAY, October 3rd. The system of study pursued at the  
College constitutes a complete course of education (with Colle-  
giate discipline) in Arts, Science, Medicine, Law, and Theology.  
Faculties are recognised by the Universities of London and Dur-  
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Medical Examining Boards, and by those of Her Majesty's Army,  
Navy, and Indian Services.

The College is empowered by Royal Charter to confer a Diploma  
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Students in the Junior department of Medicine are prepared for  
the Matriculation Examinations of the University of London,  
College of Surgeons, Apothecaries' Hall, &c.: those who reside in  
the College may receive indentures of apprenticeship without  
premium.

For further information and Prospectuses, application may be  
made to the Dean of the Faculty; or to Dr. BOON, Hon. Sec. to  
the Medical Faculty, Queen's College.

## MRS. JOHN TEMPLETON'S ESTA- BLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES, 22, GIBSON- SQUARE, LONDON.—Mental cultivation, and the development of moral training. Boarders treated in every respect as mem- bers of the Family. Situation the healthiest in London, and most convenient for visits to the various Institutions and Exhi- bitions.

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## EDUCATION.—In a first-class Boys' School, north-west suburb, offering great advantages, there are SEVERAL VACANCIES. The ensuing Term commences 15th September. Prospectus, with full information, forwarded on application to M. A., Post-office, Portdown-terrace, Malda- le, W.

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## PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY.—Dr. MATTHEW- SEN'S LABORATORY will RE-OPEN for the Winter Course on the 3rd of OCTOBER. Hours of Attendance, daily, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., and in the Evening, from 6 to 8. Dr. Matthews may be consulted on Chemical Subjects, and Samples for analysis can be forwarded either to the Laboratory or to care of Messrs. H. MATTHEWSEN & Co., Mark-lane Chambers, E.C. Laboratory, 1, Torrington-street, Russell-square, W.C.

## BIBLICAL and POSTBIBLICAL HEBREW LITERATURE.—The Rev. A. LOWE gives Instruction in the Hebrew Language and its Dialects. References to Pupils who have distinguished themselves at Trinity College, Hartford, 12, MORNINGTON-ROAD, REGENT'S-PARK, N.W.

## GERMAN LANGUAGE and LITERATURE.

—An experienced PROFESSOR of the above, who teaches in  
the first Families and Schools, having a few hours twice a week  
disengaged, would be happy to employ them in giving Lessons  
on very moderate terms. Distance no object.—Address A. E.,  
care of Madame Bamberger, 355, Oxford-street, W.

## GERMAN, French, Italian.—Dr. ALTSCHUL, Author of 'First German Reading-Book,' (dedicated by special permission to Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland), &c. &c. Philolog. Soc., Prof. Elocution.—TWO LANGUAGES TAUGHT in the same lesson, or alternately, on the same Terms as one, at the pupils' or at his house. Each language spoken in his PRIVATE Lessons, and select, separate CLASSES for Ladies and Gentlemen. Preparation (in languages) for mercantile and ordi- nary pursuits of life, the Universities, Army, and Civil Service Examinations.—3, OLD BOND-STREET, PICCADILLY.

## THE GOVERNESSES' INSTITUTION, 34, BOBOSQUARE.—MRS. WAGHORN, who has resided many years abroad, respectfully invites the attention of the Nobility, Gentry, and Principals of Schools, to her REGISTER of English and Foreign GOVERNESSES, TEACHERS, COM- PANIONS, TUTORS, and PROFESSORS. School Prospectus transferred, and Pupils introduced in England, France, and Germany. No charge to Principals.

## RAFFAELLE DRAWINGS, belonging to the University of Oxford, with PHOTOGRAPHS of RAFFAELLE CARTOONS and other DRAWINGS, will be exhibited at the SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM during the month of August.

## WANTED, as MANAGER of an extensive PUBLISHING BUSINESS, a person of experience in the Trade. To one thoroughly qualified for the duties of the situation a liberal salary will be given.—Address, stating previous employment, salary expected, &c., to F. G., care of Weskin & Flint, Stationers, 21, Farringdon-street, E.C.

## TO AMATEUR SKETCHERS.—See PROCT Member of the New Society of Pencilers in Water Colours proposes to leave Town on Monday, Sept. 5, on a short sketch- ING EXCURSION IN BRITAIN. There is a vacancy for one Gentleman, who might wish to join the party.—Address 28, R- chester-square, Camden-road, Villars, Camden Town.

## THE AQUARIUM.—LLOYD'S DESCRIP- TIVE LIST, 128 Pages, and 28 Oats, for 14s. 6d. sent direct to W. ALCOCK LLOYD, Portland-road, London, W.

**REPORTER WANTED.—WANTED,** on a Newspaper in a small Town in the West of England, a REPORTER and READER, who would be also required to keep the Accounts, and attend to the publishing of the Paper. One practically acquainted with Printing indispensable.—Address W. K. Messrs. Hamilton, Adams & Co. Paternoster-row, London.

**A GENTLEMAN,** of high respectability and thorough practical business habits, is desirous of an ENGAGEMENT, in which his knowledge and capacity for responsible management may be rendered available, either as Secretary, Superintendent, or Confidential Agent. He has been accustomed to engagements of an important character, and is qualified from his experience to undertake the direction of any business transactions, in which tact, gentlemanly address, and integrity are essentially required. Remuneration is not the primary consideration with the advertiser, who is willing to devote his services as a resident Agent, if required, either in Town or Country.—Communications may be addressed to J. L. Messrs. W. Hanting & Sons, 30 and 37, St. James's-street, Piccadilly, W.

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**LECTURES.—Gentlemen** who are capable of delivering lectures upon Moral and Social topics, in an interesting manner, and are willing to do so for a liberal remuneration, are requested to communicate with L. L. D., 37 A, Cannon-street West, E.C., London. The journey expenses of Clergymen, or Gentlemen residing in the country, who are willing to deliver a lecture at stated intervals, would be paid.

**MR. KIDD'S ANECDOTAL "GOSSIPS."**—SOMETHING OF EVERY THING—AND ALL OF THE BEST.

NATURE'S all "change." Yet is there nothing lost! The dew becomes the essence of the flower Which feeds the insect of the sunny hour— Now leaf, now plume, though the hills were torn By the wild whirlwind, like the summer dust, Ne'er would an atom perish!

Secretaries and Others, requiring Particulars, are requested to address their Communications to MR. WILLIAM KIDD, New-road, Hammersmith.

**MR. JOHN BENNETT'S NEW LECTURES.** MR. JOHN BENNETT, F.R.A.S., Member of the National Academy of Paris, is prepared to receive APPLICATIONS for ENGAGEMENTS for his NEW LECTURES—1st, "On the Chronometer, its Past, Present, and Future," and 2nd, "A Month among the Watchmakers of Switzerland," for those on "The Watch and Women and Watchwork." The Lectures will be profusely illustrated by Models, Diagrams, and Specimens of Clocks and Watches. Applications to Mr. JOHN BENNETT, Watch Manufacturer, 55, Cheapside.

**TO LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.—MR.** ADOLPHUS FRANCIS'S New Lecture, "Fools and their Follies," Illuminated Shakespeare, on shadow-box, together with 50 Dramatic Declarations, may be engaged (West of England, September and October).—Terms address Crosby House, Fockham, S.E.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—ARRANGEMENTS FOR** WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, September 3rd.—Monday, August 29th, open at Nine. SUMMER POULTRY SHOW and Display of GREAT FOUNTAINS. The Poultry Show will be continued on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Admission each day, ONE Shilling; Children under 12, Sixpence. Friday, open at Ten. Display of Great Fountains. Admission as above.

Saturday, open at Ten. Concert. Admission, Half-a-Crown; Children, One Shilling. Display of Upper series of Fountains daily, and performances by the Company's Band and on the Great Organ at intervals. Half-a-Guinea Season Tickets may now be had, available from 1st of September, till 30th of April, 1860.

The Band of the Royal Marines Light Infantry will perform in the Grounds on Wednesday and Saturday Evenings. Sunday, open at 1.30 to shareholders, gratuitously by Tickets.

**FOSSILS and MINERALS.**—Single Specimens and Collections from the largest stock and variety in London for Cabinets, &c. Collections of 300 specimens of Minerals for analysis. Hammered glass boxes, 30 specimens, 50 Charts, Cabinets, &c.—JAMES B. GREGORY, 3, King William-street, Strand, London, W.C.

A fine Museum slab of fourteen Fishes (Holoptychus), from Dura Den, for sale.

**HYDROPATHY.—MOOR PARK, Farnham,** near Aldershot Camp, Surrey. Physician, EDWARD W. LANE, M.A. M.D. Edin., Author of "Hydrophobia; or, Hygienic Medicine," Second Edition. London: John Churchill, 1859.

**HYDROPATHY.—The BEULAH-SPA** HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT and HOTEL, Upper Norwood, replete with every comfort, being within twenty minutes' walk of the Crystal Palace, has been opened for the reception of Patients and Visitors.—Particulars forwarded on application to Dr. RITZEMAN, M.D., Berlin, the Resident Physician.

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On application, a Set of the Engravings will be sent on Inspection anywhere in London. Specimens may be seen, and Prospectuses obtained, at Day & Son, Lithographers, 25, Queen's, Gt. George-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, London.

**NEXT-OF-KIN, HEIRS, &c., WANTED,** who have been Adversely affected by Being Exact Copies of Advertisements from the Times, Gazette, Post, Chronicle, Herald, Mail, &c. for the last 10 years, covering many hundred Names and Descriptions of Persons, valued many hundred Thousands Millions Value. This New Book (just out) is sent post free for twelve copies to be worked for. Sent punctually per return. Several, Kingsland, London, N.E. Sent punctually per return.

\* Worth its weight in gold.—Times, November 27th, 1858.

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Open for Cases from all parts of the Kingdom.

CONTRIBUTIONS towards this national Charity are earnestly requested; there are at the present time nearly 300 inmates, and although the number of applicants varies from 150 to 180 at each half-yearly election, the Asylum can only admit 250. They would most gladly announce a larger number for admission did the funds permit.

The Board have been much encouraged in their gratuitous labours by the visible improvement in the unfortunate and helpless inmates. They desire to make many essential additions, and carry out several necessary improvements connected with the establishment, to accomplish which they solicit the assistance of the wealthy and benevolent. For a full account of the daily working of this excellent Institution, the Board, with great pride, refer the public and their supporters to a recent pamphlet by the Rev. Edwin Singer, A.M., Rector of Cornard Rye, Suffolk, entitled "A Visit to Earlswood," and to their last Annual Report, both of which may be had gratuitously on application to the Office, where subscriptions will be thankfully received and every information cheerfully supplied. Annual subscriptions, 10s. 6d. or 12. 1s. Life ditto, 3s. 5s. or 10s. 10s.

The Elections occur regularly in April and October. JOHN COSGROVE, M.D. D.C.L. (Gratuitous) ANDREW REED, D.D. (Secretaries). Office, 29, Poultry, E.C.

**CHARING-CROSS HOSPITAL, West Strand.**—The Governors earnestly request ASSISTANCE for this Hospital. The losses which it has sustained by the death of many of its charitable donors, and by the loss of the Charity, and it is feared that its efficiency will be abridged unless new friends supply their place.

The chief reliance of the Governors has hitherto been upon voluntary donations and legacies, and they anxiously hope that an institution which annually relieves from 16,000 to 17,000 disabled poor, including nearly 3,000 cases of dangerous accident and emergency, many of whom but for their aid might perish, will be thought to merit the assistance of those who enjoy the means of befriending their less fortunate fellow-beings. Subscriptions are thankfully received by the Secretary, at the Hospital, and by Messrs. Drummonds, 149, Charing Cross; Messrs. Coutts, 50, Strand; and Messrs. Hoare, 37, Fleet-street; and through all the principal Bankers.

JOHN ROBERTSON, Hon. Sec.

**THE ELEVATOR GUN.**—In the Times of June the 1st, 1859, Captain Norton, of Liquid Fire Shell celebrity, drew public attention to a new principle proposed to be introduced by Mr. Charlesworth in the construction of Guns, that of the substitution of an Elevator for the Stock; the saving in cost and bulk thereby obtained being attended with decreased risk of injury to the shooter in the event of his Gun bursting.

A Gun constructed on this principle is especially adapted for the following purposes:—

1. For House-potting against Burglars.
2. For shooting Birds by Craniologists.
3. For Rabbit or Pheasant Shooting in very thick cover.
4. For Pedestrian Excursions, and especially for Emigrants.

A full account of the ELEVATOR GUN, with Lithographic Plates, will be forwarded (post free) on receipt of 12 stamps, or it may be obtained through any Bookseller by giving the Publisher's address—James Gregory, 3, King William-street, Strand.—August, 1859.

**CHANGES in the MANAGEMENT of the LADIES' READING-ROOM.** 144, PRINCES-STREET, CAVENDISH-SQUARE, W.

NOW OPEN FROM TEN TILL TEN. The want of a Reading-Room for Ladies having been long felt, a commodious Room, at 144, Princes-street, has been secured for the purpose. The Reading-Room is furnished with the lending papers (Daily News, &c.), the Reviews and Magazines, Membership to Ladies only, and a reference strictly required from all Subscribers.

The Managers of the Reading-Room, sincerely desirous to make it as extensively useful as possible, wish to announce that the following scale of prices has been arranged.

Membership for one year to be secured on the payment of One Guinea. A subscription of 2s. will enable ladies to bring a friend.

Professional ladies will be charged only Half-a-Guinea. Country Subscribers, Halfpence. A cup of tea or coffee and a piece of bread and butter supplied for Fourpence.

THE FOLLOWING PERIODICALS ARE PROVIDED:

- |                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| The Times.        | Morning Post.     |
| Daily News.       | Edinburgh Review. |
| Quarterly Review. | Edinburgh Review. |
| Edinburgh Review. | Edinburgh Review. |
| Edinburgh Review. | Edinburgh Review. |
| Edinburgh Review. | Edinburgh Review. |
| Edinburgh Review. | Edinburgh Review. |
| Edinburgh Review. | Edinburgh Review. |
| Edinburgh Review. | Edinburgh Review. |
| Edinburgh Review. | Edinburgh Review. |

And a selection of Foreign and Provincial Papers. This List will be gradually increased.

**AMERICAN BOOKS.**

Messrs. TRUBNER & CO. American Agents, 60, Paternoster-row, are now prepared to furnish lovers of AMERICAN BOOKS, and Booksellers, with Catalogues of all branches of AMERICAN LITERATURE and SCIENCE.

The following CATALOGUES are ready, and will be furnished in Town and Country on receipt of two postage stamps each:—

1. Theology.
2. Jurisprudence.
3. Medicine and Surgery.
4. Natural History.
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7. Education.
8. Biography.
9. History and Biography.
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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

## LITERATURE

*Memorials and Letters illustrative of the Life and Times of John Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee.* By Mark Napier. Vol. I. (Edinburgh, Stevenson; London, Hamilton & Co.)

Mr. Napier carries into literature no little of the dash and daring shown by his family in war. Fresh from a lawsuit which he undertook to avenge the plunder of his work on Montrose, he issues the first volume of a new work on Dundee. It may be that—

—the carrion-vulture waits  
To tear his heart before the crowd

—in the cause of cheapness and the million—once more. He runs the risk of this (as of Presbyterian onslaughts for his principles), and gives us half the fruit of his labours on the later of the two famous Grahams. We forbear to pass a final judgment on his hero, Dundee, till the results of his entirely new researches are all before us. But, meanwhile, Volume First contains a great deal that is valuable and interesting,—and evidences an amount of research which ought, all the more, to be handsomely acknowledged, because our Copyright Law, it seems, does not avail to protect it. We cannot enter now at any length into that case of “Napier *versus* Grant,” on which some sixty pages are bestowed, by way of introduction, in the volume before us. The legal question is out of our province. The literary question we have dealt with before. Enough—since our remarks may have encouraged Mr. Napier to embark in unsuccessful litigation—if we emphatically repeat our opinion, that the *boiling down* of dear into cheap books is fast becoming a standing disgrace to the literature of the country. When we have said that it is unfair and that it is ungentelemanly,—what more, as journalists, can we do? We cannot convert a plagiarist who finds his trade profitable. And, like the cuckoo, he is a bird that everybody hears, but that is exceedingly difficult to catch. “Let us talk of something else,” as Luther said, when his friends were discoursing with him on women. Let us see how Mr. Mark Napier carries out his new—and, we hope, more successful—labours.

There are wild dinnie-wassals, three thousand times three,  
Will cry ho! for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

—So sings Scott in the famous ballad. There is something of the “wild dinnie-wassal” in Mr. Napier’s book. He lays about him with an undisciplined force,—with keen, shrewd reasoning, embodied in grotesque humour,—sacrificing “style” to the single object of vindicating the hero of Killiecrankie from the Kirk and the Whigs. Having been the first man to draw from the Queensberry Papers of his Grace of Buccleuch the original materials of Dundee’s personal history, he will succeed in awakening the old controversial spirit in Scotland, and the “drum ecclesiastic” will soon be heard in the field. The Southrons are less interested in the matter. But the proud and beautiful face of Clavers dwells in the imagination of all readers of ‘Old Mortality,’ and has set many a one wondering,—was he fierce and heartless, or only loyal and brave?

Mr. Napier’s way of managing his vindication is as follows:—He begins by a general assault on Dundee’s historical enemies. Then he gives us a long fragment upon him by the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe,—“the Horace Walpole of Scotland,” as Sir Walter called him. And, finally, he supplements this by some original letters of the period from

eminent Scottish statesmen, drawn out of the Buccleuch archives. It is rather an *olla podrida*,—but the stuff is good and various, and assuredly there is no want of pepper.

Reserving—as above said—our ultimate judgment on Clavers’s character till all the materials are before us, we may remind our readers how the question about it stood before Mr. Napier’s time. Dundee once in his grave, the Revolution achieved, and the Scots Kirk in the ascendant, things did not promise well for his memory. A Jacobite doctor, Pitcairne, embalmed him in an epitaph; and a Jacobite soldier (in 1714) published brief admiring ‘Memoirs’ of him. But honours like these were valuable only among the few,—and very different notions spread about him among the many. The struggle of the Covenanters left upon the population of Scotland impressions far deeper than those left in England by the Civil War. It was a *religious war*, in fact,—and being carried on in an age when life was rude, and superstition all but universal, its traditions resembled nothing that we see now in their picturesqueness and horror. A gloomy poetry invested them, such as hangs about the lonely churchyards, ungraced by tree and flower, of the Lowland counties, where the martyrs of the Covenant lie. Wild legends sprang up concerning the actors in the struggle, and became articles of creed to the people. That godly Mr. A. had prayed for a wind and got it,—that godly Mr. B. had predicted a persecutor’s death with minute accuracy,—these beliefs were matters of course. But tradition conveyed much more. Claverhouse, it was thought, had been in league with the Devil,—who had been only too faithful in his capacity of an ally. And when one of the ugly died—horsepower for the removal of his body had proved insufficient,—so close stuck the fiend to the clay which he had earned! Most Galloway and Ayrshire men have heard stories like these from their nurses in our own time. They had a literature, too, represented—to say nothing of chap-books—by the folios of Wodrow, a minister of Renfrewshire in George the First’s time, whose memory is classical in Presbyterian fame. Wodrow was the Herodotus of the Covenant,—gathered up its stories, and put them into history. He had all the narrowness and credulity of a Scotch country minister of his day; and allowing that he meant well, and preserved much curious matter, we cannot wonder at the irritation he produces in those who do not look at things solely from a Covenanter’s point of view. He was a *gobe-mouche*, old Wodrow, ready to swallow anything in favour of his own side, and incapable, too, of appreciating any form of character but that of the Scotch saint. Philosophy, of course, was not dreamed of by him; and as “saint” and “devil” were his divisions of mankind, it would have been useless to ask him whether Dundee had not possibly been just a gallant soldier like other soldiers—commissioned to put down the Covenanters as *rebels*—and not harsher in his hard task than the character of his warfare permitted. Yet surely one might at least ask this question, without necessarily holding, by any means, that the cause in which the soldiers fought was a good one. No generous Englishman, thankful for the success of Charles’s opponents, thinks it necessary to believe that every Cavalier was heartless, godless, and brutal,—but modern Scottish history is tainted with the *odium theologium* more bitterly than any history in the world.

Scott himself evidently disbelieved the common Scottish notions about Dundee. He had his picture on his walls,—he celebrated him in

prose and verse,—and he loved to remember that his ancestor was “a Killiecrankie man.” But he *temporized* on the subject, in a way which illustrates the prudential side of his character, and which is shrewdly touched off by Mr. Napier:—

“That Sir Walter Scott’s predilections were all in favour of the hero of Killiecrankie, there cannot be a doubt. But he had neither time nor inclination to investigate very minutely vexed and intricate questions, nor to set himself to refute vulgar errors which had become ingrained on the public mind in Scotland. Universal popularity was his bank, and he feared to break it. No doubt his shrewd and comprehensive mind caught more than glimpses of the truth. In the course of his curious historical researches, he had learnt to abominate the covenanting zealots, and their merciless ways; while his strong sense, and intuitive knowledge of human nature, rendered him not a little sceptical as to the myths of history, whether in the shape of a political dragon, a monster monarch, a moorland martyr, or a ‘chief of Tophet on earth.’ But he was too cautious and too wise to attempt to controvert where he was not prepared to refute; and he declined to grapple, publicly at least, with the popular calumny of ‘Bloody Clavers.’ It comes to be rather hard, however, upon a real personage of history, whose virtues have been obscured by the grossest slanders, when so great a master of fiction seizes upon him for the hero of a romance, and, instead of clearing him from calumny, only stirs the myre. And surely there is something wrong, when romance is professedly adopting history, in the coolness with which the anonymous reviewer of his own historical novel thus criticizes it,—‘Yet he was not uniformly so ruthless as he is painted in the Tales!’”

Since Scott’s time the controversy has stirred a little now and then, turning, generally, on the point of Wodrow’s credibility. It is only fair to Mr. Napier to show how he handles the worst anti-Claverhouse story in that old writer, viz., the story of ‘John Brown,’ the “Christian carrier,” whom Clavers was accused of wantonly and brutally putting to death with his own hand. The event, of which Wodrow’s story was a version, happened in the spring of 1685, when Argyle was expected on his memorable expedition. Here is Dundee’s own version of the matter, in a report to Lord Treasurer Queensberry (3rd of May 1685), now brought to light for the first time:—

“May it please your Grace,—On Friday last, amongst the hills betwixt Douglas and the Ploughlands, we pursued two fellows a great way through the mosses, and in end seized them. They had no arms about them, and denied they had any. But, being asked if they would take the *abjuration*, the eldest of the two, called John Brown, refused it; nor would he swear not to rise in arms against the King, but said *he knew no King*. Upon which, and there being found bullets and match in his house, and treasonable papers, I caused shoot him dead; which he suffered very unconcernedly. The other, a young fellow and his nephew, called *John Brownen*, offered to take the oath; but would not swear that he had not been at Newmills in arms, at *rescuing of the prisoners*. So I did not know what to do with him. I was convinced that he was guilty, but saw not how to proceed against him. Wherefore, after he had said his prayers, and carabines presented to shoot him, I offered to him that, if he would make an ingenious confession, and make a discovery that might be of any importance for the King’s service, I should delay putting him to death, and plead for him. Upon which he confessed that he was at that attack of Newmills, and that he had come straight to this house of his uncle’s on Sunday morning. In the time he was making this confession, the soldiers found out a house in the hill, under ground, that could hold a dozen of men, and there were swords and pistols in it, and this fellow declared that they belonged to his uncle, and that he had lurked in that place ever since Bothwell, where he was in

arms. He confessed that he had a halbert, and told who gave it him about a month ago, and he have the fellow prisoner. He gave an account of the names of the most part of those that were there. They were not above sixty, and they were all Galston and Newmills men, save a few out of Streven parish. He gave also account of a conventicle kept by Renwick at the back of Carntable, where there were thirteen score of men in arms, mustered and exercised, of which number he was with his halbert. He tells us of another conventicle about three months ago, kept near Loudonhill; and gives account of the persons were at both, and what children were baptized; particularly that at Carntable, which was about the time that Lieutenants Murray and Crichton should have let them escape. He also gives account of those who gave any assistance to his uncle; and we have seized thereupon the Goodman of the upmost Ploughlands; and another tenant, about a mile below that, is fled upon it. I doubt not, if we had time to stay, good use might be made of his confession. I have acquitted myself when I have told your Grace the case. He has been but a month or two with his halbert; and if your Grace thinks he deserves no mercy, justice will pass on him; for I, having no commission of justiciary myself, have delivered him up to the Lieutenant-General, to be disposed of as he pleases. I am, my Lord, your Grace's most humble servant,  
J. GRAHAM.

This is stern enough in its kind, and not very pleasant reading. But compare it with the traditional version—as told, for instance, *more suo* by Lord Macaulay—and it makes Claverhouse appear like a model philanthropist. Our biographer feels the importance of this dispute, and anticipates the attention it must provoke. We shall allow him to make his own full use of it, as follows:—Dundee having had to wait so long for his hearing,—

“In reading this authentic record, brought to light for the first time nearly two centuries after the event,—History meanwhile polluted with the most violent and contradictory nonsense on the subject,—we must bear in mind the version concocted by Wodrow. The ‘Christian Carrier,’ he says, ‘was no way obnoxious to the Government, except for not hearing the Episcopal ministers.’ He was not pursued and taken in the act of endeavouring to escape from the military authorities; but, under no imputation of crime, and suspecting no evil himself, he was wantonly seized in the vicinity of his own peaceful cottage, while placidly occupied with his rural labour, unaccompanied save by his wife and child—in short, simply in an attitude of muirland peace, and pastoral innocence. Moreover, as regards both his demeanour and his gifts, he is likened to the inspired apostolic saints. He had, indeed, Wodrow somewhat inconsistently adds, ‘been a long time upon his hiding in the fields.’ But why? Not because, as we now learn from his own nephew and pupil, he had fought against his Sovereign at Bothwell Bridge, and had therefore continued to skulk in arms among the hills, labouring as he best could to revive the crushed rebellion and civil war—but, as Wodrow has made so many believe, because a blameless life and shining piety were qualities which, in the year 1685, sufficed to render their saintly possessors amenable to the cruelty of an uncovenanted Government, and its merciless officials, who systematically outraged the laws both of God and man. Under these circumstances, we are told, it was, that Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, directed solely by the impulse of his own fiendish nature, abhorrent of the unobtrusive piety of an innocent peasant,—without putting the ordained oath of abjuration to his victim, without connecting him by a single circumstance with sedition, treason, or rebellion, and vouchsafing no interrogatories, but mere ribald words of contumely and abuse,—decreed the *instant death* of one of the most innocent and least dangerous of the peasantry of Scotland! And more than this, that his diabolical dragoons, devoted, as they are described, to the accursed Clavers and his cruelties, but converted on the spot by the irresistible effect of the poor

man's gift of prayer, mutinied to a man, and positively refused to obey the human command. And so, ‘the chief of this Tophet’ was ‘forced’ to put his own hand to the murderous work, which he performed *con amore*, quitting the scene of blood with a heartless insult directed against the bereaved wife of the martyr, and a blasphemous challenge addressed to the God of mercy. Those who value it, are welcome to the desperate plea for Wodrow, that against his evidence, that of Claverhouse himself can be of no avail. The above letter was written under no idea of defending himself from calumny, or of any other version of the story having arisen. It is a plain official report rendered to head-quarters, by an officer of the highest position, and whose word was as good as his oath. Had a mutiny of the dragoons under his command really compelled him to use his own pistol, the circumstance must have been prominent in his report. And how high in the estimation of those who knew him stood his character for fearless truth, we may here illustrate from a letter addressed by the Duke of York to the jealous Queensberry, who had expressed some suspicion of Claverhouse having injured him at court. Writing from London, June 26, 1683, his Royal Highness says:—‘I have had no complaint from Clavers, nor any else, about the delay there has been of adding some officers to the horse and dragoons; nor have I had so much as one letter from Clavers of any kind; and I am confident they do him much wrong who report he should say I am displeased with you; since I assure you there is no such thing, and that he is not a man to say things which are not.’”

Already we have shown what “treasure trove” in the way of material for historical discussion Mr. Napier owes to the kindness of the Duke of Buccleuch. But he has been digging again among the record-mines of his own house,—and here is an original letter of Bishop Burnet's, written about himself,—written, too, in the year 1683, the year of Russell and Sydney. Mr. Napier does not love the prelate—so wickedly sketched as “Buzzard” in Dryden's ‘Hind and Panther’—and he chuckles over the curious epistle with a relish that will not be welcome to his out-and-out admirers:—

“The following very curious ‘Memorandum,’ which has never yet entered History, was written by this notorious prelate of mendacious memory. It refers to the fearful crisis occasioned by the Rye-House plot. The date is immediately after the suicide of Essex, and on the eve of the execution of Lord Russell. It is addressed to John Brisbane, Esq., Secretary of the Admiralty, a very distinguished public servant, who was the husband of Margaret, Baroness Napier in her own right. Hence it is that the curious and instructive document we are about to quote, has been preserved in the Napier archives, where it yet remains. It is the original, and all in the handwriting of Burnet. The Memorandum is inclosed within the following note:—

“‘Dear Sir,—I have writ the inclosed paper with as much order as the confusion I am under can allow. I leave it to you to shew it to my Lord Halifax, or the King, as you think fit, only I beg you will do it as soon as may be, that, in case my Lord Russell sends for me, the King may not be provoked against me by that. So, Dear Sir, adieu.

“‘Memorandum for Mr. Brisbane. To let my Lord Privy Seal know that out of respect to him, I do not come to him. That I look on it as a great favour, that when so many houses were searched mine was not, in which though nothing could have been found, yet it would have marked me as a suspected person. That I never was in my whole life under so terrible a surprise and so deep a melancholy as the dismal things these last two or three days has brought forth spreads over my mind; for God knows I never so much as suspected any such thing; all I feared was only some rising if the King should happen to die; and that I only collected out of the obvious things that every body sees as well as I do, and to prevent that took more pains than perhaps any man in England did,

in particular with my unfortunate friends, to let them see that nothing brought in Popery so fast in Queen Mary's days as the business of Lady Jane Grey, which gave it a greater advance in the first month of that reign than otherwise it is likely it would have made during her whole life. So that I had not the least suspicion of this matter; yet if my Lord Russell calls for my attendance now, I cannot decline it, but shall do my duty with that fidelity as if any Privy-Counsellor were to overhear all that shall pass between us. I am upon this occasion positively resolved never to have any thing to do more with men of business, particularly with any in opposition to the Court, but will divide the rest of my life between my function and a very few friends, and my laboratory; and upon this I pass my word and faith to you, and that being given under my hand to you, I do not doubt but you will make the like engagements in my name to the King; and I hope my Lord Privy Seal will take occasion to do the like, for I think he will believe me. I ask nor expect nothing but only to stand clear in the King's thoughts. For preferably, I am resolved against it, tho' I could obtain it; but I beg not to be more under hard thoughts; especially since in all this discovery there has not been so much occasion to name me as to give a rise for a search; and the friendship I had with these two, and their confidence in me in all other things, may show that they knew I was not to be spoke to in any thing against my duty to the King. I do beg of you that no discourse may be made of this, for it would look like a sneaking for somewhat; and you in particular know how far that it is from my heart; therefore I need not beg of you, nor of my Lord Halifax, to judge aright of this message; but if you can make the King think well of it, and say nothing of it, it will be the greatest kindness you can possibly do me. I would have done this sooner, but it might have looked like fear or guilt; so I forbore hitherto, but now I thought it fit to do it. I choose rather to write it than say it, both that you might have it under my hand, that you may see how sincere I am in it, as also because I am now so overcharged with melancholy that I can scarce endure any company, and for two nights have not been able to sleep an hour. One thing you may, as you think fit, tell the King, that tho' I am too inconsiderable to think I can ever serve him while I am alive, yet I hope I shall be able to do it to some purpose after I am dead; this you understand, and I will do it with zeal. So, my dear friend, pity your poor melancholy friend, who was never in his whole life under so deep an affliction; for I think I shall never enjoy myself after it; and God knows death would be now very welcome to me. Do not come near me for some time, for I cannot bear any company; only I go oft to my Lady Essex and weep with her; and, indeed, the King's carriage to her has been so great and worthy, that it can never be too much admired; and I am sure, if ever I live to finish what you know I am about, it, and all the other good things I can think of, shall not want all the light I can give them. Adieu, my dear friend, and keep this as a witness against me if I ever fail in the performance of it. I am, you know, with all the zeal and fidelity possible, your most faithful and most humble servant,  
“G. BURNET.”

“Sunday Morning, 17th July 1683.”

“Burnet's abject letter did not succeed. He was disgraced, and obliged to go abroad. He became the most active agent of the Revolution, and obtained a mitre from King William. In his Life, prefixed to the History of his Own Time, it is said, ‘His behaviour at the trial of the Lord Russell, his attendance on him in prison, and afterwards upon the scaffold, the examination he underwent before the Council, in relation to that Lord's dying speech, and the boldness with which he there undertook to vindicate his memory, as also the indignation the court expressed against him upon that occasion, are all fully set forth in the history.’ But it is impossible to credit that history, in such matters, after reading the above letter; which, be it observed, was to be made known to the King. Where had Burnet miraculously found the courage which, as the danger thickened around him, made him so collected and daring, before that very King



and his Council, as to enrage them all? 'Lord Halifax (he says) sent me word that the Duke looked on my reading the journal (before the Council) as a studied thing, to make a panegyric on Lord Russell's memory.' Lord Halifax, for whom the letter had been written from our 'poor melancholy friend!' *Credat Judeus.*"

The italics, of course, are our biographer's own. Certainly, the letter is highly curious—indeed, one of the most singular self-revelations disinterred during later years. One cannot read it, too, without rejoicing in that modern zeal for MS. research which promises to add so much to our real personal and intimate knowledge of historical men. Only think what masses of valuable matter of the kind there must be in the charter-chests of our conspicuous families! and how careful they ought to be to preserve and arrange their hereditary papers!

We have now said enough to indicate the importance of Mr. Napier's First Volume, which will find its way to most persons fond of original historical inquiry. Some letters from the well-known Lord Rothes might be quoted; but we forbear to load our columns with extracts, and content ourselves with the significant and suggestive ones made already. When are we to have the Second Volume? The present publication amounts to a motion for a new trial in the case of the *Covenanters versus Viscount Dundee*,—and, so far, we can cheerfully bid Mr. Napier to "take a rule."

*France and England, Socially and Politically Considered.* Translated from the French of Ch. Menche de Loisine, by Mrs. Philipps Greene. (Jeffs.)

For ages France and England grew apart; their vast foundations were separated, not by the Channel alone, but by destiny; their bulk and altitude, wonders of the world, were incessantly magnified; gradually these two pillars of the earth, bending, yet retaining their majesty, seemed about to unite; but a key-stone was wanting: the Third Napoleon supplied it; he filled the gap; the Empire threw an arch across the sea, and France and England are one. The Emperor has not only reconciled these nations; he harmonizes the present with the past: another arch joins the liberal principles of our times with the austere traditions of former days. Thus, that which Millennialists term "circularity," or "ovality," has been introduced amid the irregular systems of the earth. Such, in so far as it may be interpreted, is the spirit or intention of this laborious book, by a Sub-Prefect of Boulogne, vigorously translated by Mrs. Greene. But, though rendering homage to us, M. de Loisine is not of the same mind with M. de Rémusat, who avows, as his dream of the future, an English organization of government in France. No faithful Imperialist could declare that as his aspiration. The French are assimilated with their neighbours in general interests, it may be; but, whatever arches may symbolize to the contrary, they are essentially different, and must not hope or wish to identify their institutions with those of England. Why, then, have these races progressed so far apart, and arrived at such opposite conclusions? This is the question put, and answered—after a fashion—by M. de Loisine. We are inclined, however, to treat his volume as the witches did their wizard lore, and read it backwards. The Sub-Prefect oracularizes so pleasantly, and withal so foolishly, about England as it is, that we thereby gain a clue to his capacity for philosophizing on the Gascons and Gallo-Romans, the Tudors and Plantagenets. But the order of nature, of time, and of chapters, is not lightly to be infringed;

and it may even be profitable to trace the imprint of ardent Imperialism upon history. Already a new school of French literature is being created, studded with the golden bees of Charlemagne, lined with purple, and stamped with the initial N; its object is, not to separate the new dynasty from the old—not to insist that France is beginning her career a second time; but to affiliate the ashes of the Invalides with those of St. Denis—to prove that, from Hugh Capet to the Third Napoleon, the moral logic of events and sequence of inevitable personages has been unbroken. M. de Loisine's volume is, essentially, an example of special pleading; but the writer is inexperienced in his art. He is too good a courtier to be a plausible apologist; he has too much humility, mingled with too much enthusiasm; evidently, he is eager to advance from the Saône and Rhone, the Burgundians and Visigoths to the Tuileries, the Lord Mayor of London and the greatness of France under her modern Augustus. To this all else is preliminary—Clovis and the Leudes, the Ebroëns and Pepins, the Dukes of Normandy, Brittany, and Guyenne, with the wars of the Fourteenth Louis, the cruelty of our Tudors, and the perfidy of our Stuarts.

Still, there was a balance to strike; and M. de Loisine, after an elaborate analysis, sums up with infinite pomp of diction, and an almost metaphysical anatomy of the facts he has been comparing. In the first place, France was originally conquered by a nation; England by an army; because large deductions, each of its kind. The parallel is worked out until it brings the Capets and Plantagenets into juxtaposition. The Capets were crowned by the Pope: under the standard of St. Peter William conquered at Hastings; but treacherously he renounced the suzerainty of the Holy Father, and it seems to be insinuated that we have ever since paid the penalty. It was otherwise with the kings of France: they were the eldest and best sons of the Church; their sovereignty was that of Heaven; their banners were the oriflammes of St. Denis; their royal arms were lilies, emblems of the Christian faith; their war-cry was Montjoie St. Denis! In England the clergy were Normans, cut off from the vanquished, yet holding a middle place between the Anglo-Saxon and the Throne, until that which M. de Loisine describes as a great social fusion took place:—

"In this fusion, the clergy assisted; the clergy with its Norman dignitaries, its Anglo-Saxon monks and vicars, closely united to the aristocracy, because possessing a feudal constitution, and identical interests and origin; they had consequently the same privileges, power, and prerogatives as the great nobles. But at the same time the clergy did not neglect the vanquished and the serfs, because the inferior orders were filled by them, and also because the Christian law of religion makes it a duty to assist in the enfranchisement of slaves, to relieve the distressed, and to consider all men as brothers in Christ. English royalty alone isolated itself, living apart from the people, it seemed to have neither the same passions, interests, patriotism, manners, nor religion. An object of horror to the people, and terror to the nobles and bishops, it at the same time furnished matter for history and legends, and truly we are tempted to doubt that any man could with such audacity trample under foot all laws, divine and human."

The Norman princes are attacked by M. de Loisine as though they had pillaged his own château. He terms them pirates; their bursts of passion resembled fits of epilepsy; their avarice was insane; their hands were incessantly wet with blood. It is a little surprising, after this, to find so much freshness in his abuse of the Tudors. However, this miserable

England was afflicted by the Plantagenets, who were madmen, murderers, and misers, parricides, patricides, rebels against God, vile in adversity, detestable in prosperity,—"hare-brained kings," in fact. France, meanwhile, was happy; her monarchs were sainted in the public eye:—

"From the same Alpine mountains flow two rivers, the same rain and melted snow feeds them, but each of these rivers follows the course it has traced. The one flows to the south, towards the sun; it crosses all the towns where the Greeks and Romans successively planted the germs of civilization, the traditions of their genius, and those melodious languages spoken by the greatest poets, and the greatest authors, that ever honoured humanity. The other river flows towards the north; it traverses the vast forests of the Germanic tribes, from whom descended the Angles, the Saxons, and perhaps the Normans; it waters cold, cloudy, industrious, and resolute countries. One is called the Rhone, the other the Rhine. The one, by turns a rivulet and a torrent, now flows, now precipitates itself through a country filled with poetry, and its contrasts, beneath a blue sky towards an azure lake, that glorious sea, which from the commencement of ages has seen developed on its banks all the destinies of humanity. The other, majestic and calm, bears constantly on its surface steam-vessels, and, reflecting the light on its long banks, shows the various buildings elevated by modern industry; it flows into that sea, or rather canal, the junction between the ocean and the Baltic, the separation of the ancient world from the modern, where perhaps some day must be decided the future destinies of humanity. Thus France and England, like these two rivers, follow their different paths, and, withdrawing more and more from each other, both without power to resist, tread the path that God has traced for them."

All for a good purpose, however; that is to say, if we are pleased to set any store upon our free constitution. So much M. de Loisine allows, although he accords the palm to Imperialism. But the Plantagenets, rooted in England, persisted in loving France "with a singular savage, cruel passion, covering her lands with ruin and mourning, yet unable to breathe on any other soil, only living and dying there." The English, under their princely generals, swept the French soil with a brigandage worse than that of the Huns; they were Mah-rattas, Pindarries, Tartars; they were locusts; they came and went as a pestilence, flames and ashes marked their course; Edward the Third was a Kublai Khan; the Black Prince was a Holagou; never did a swarm of viler cut-throats overrun the earth. M. de Loisine liberally foams forth his rhetoric against the men who slew the princes, bannerets, and knights of his nation at Agincourt and Cressy. But, this epoch having lapsed, he reverts to French domestic history, deploring the power at all times wielded by Paris:—

"London never has at any epoch endeavoured to appropriate to itself a supremacy of knowledge and authority. Never has she separated her opinions, her interests, and her actions from the opinions, from the interests, and the acts of the country gentry. Never at any epoch has the Lord Mayor, nor have the Sheriffs or Common Councilmen seized on the Government, and dictated laws to the nation."

The French are then naively informed:—

"The English did not quite understand the honours which the city of Paris, in 1855, during a week paid to the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London. They saw in it a delicate attention on our part towards the English citizens, but they loudly expressed their astonishment at its being thought in France that the Lord Mayor of London and his council had any influence in England. Out of the city, the Lord Mayor of London has no weight. All the gentry, all England, would revolt

as one man, if the Corporation of London tried to be a political body, and to speak in the name of the country."

Joan of Arc was the avatar that put a period to this fitful dream. Her fire was that of the Phoenix, her sword that of Brennus; she united Royalty with the People. While in England kings were henceforth to support themselves on their nobles, in France they were to lean on the masses; England, at the outset, was aristocratic; France possessed a democracy, with a sovereign almost absolute. To sustain these views, M. de Loigne has recourse to sundry artificial and ingenious illustrations; but we pass to his contrast between the Tudors and the Valois: the former never felt a sentiment of pity, humanity, or love,—their hearts were moulded in brass. "Tiberius, Nero, and the kings of the East only struck at the great; the Tudors spared no one." While we were dragged through this slough of slaughter and barbarism, France was on her wings, and her pinions fluttered in the empyrean. France, indeed, was the Renaissance itself. No matter that Lascaris carried his precious relics to Italy, that Spanish vessels first touched the New World coasts, that Columbus was a Genoese, Vasco da Gama a Portuguese, Vandyke a Fleming, Lope de Vega a Spaniard, and Shakspeare an Englishman; no matter that Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Brunelleschi were Italians; the age called that of Leo the Tenth "ought to be called the age of Francis the First." And why? Because the Valois reigned:—

"The Valois were artists, great artists. Francis the First was a great artist, in the fullest acceptation of the term, when, after the battle of Pavia, he wrote, 'All is lost, but honour!' It was a great poem that Charles the Ninth spoke, when he said to Ronsard—

"Tous deux également nous portons des couronnes,  
Mais roi je les reçois poëte, tu les donnes,

Je puis donner la mort, toi l'immortalité!"

Francis the First built the Louvre, Chambord, Fontainebleau, St. Germain; he created the College of France, the library, and the royal printing-press; invited Lascaris to France, and drew to his court Primaticcio and Leonardo da Vinci, thus laying the first foundation in France of belles lettres and fine arts."

In his name the Florentine Verizanna took possession of Acadia; the Picard Roberval became Viceroy in North America; Joachim du Bellay "discovered and wrote the sweet word Patrie, till then without an equivalent in our language!"

Thus does M. de Loigne review the histories of France and England, stigmatizing our Revolution, anathematizing that of the French, vilifying Cromwell, denying that he was comparable in genius with either of the Bonapartes. His arguments on this point are not even sprightly, as the chief part of his work undoubtedly is. But the piquancy of the whole, as already hinted, lies in the closing chapters. M. de Loigne, speaking of contemporary aspects, says:

"No statesman in England has ever made his position by means of the press, or acquired power by the daily publications. The economists have written in reviews, literary as well as political works, which are only read by the higher classes of society, but never to this day has any ambitious man sought, nor would he have succeeded by the assistance of the press in fomenting troubles, struggling with the established government, or casting hatred and contempt on any one class of society, or in lighting the torch of civil war."

He then informs his readers how the English aristocracy is constituted, how property is distributed in this country, and how our lords and gentlemen make use of their wealth:—

"In place of living obscurely, or ostentatiously expending their wealth in cities or at the court, they live on their domains in the centre of their

vassals and tenant-farmers, such is the name they now bear. The season in London lasts for three months at most, but scarcely has it terminated when all the families hasten to return to their country seats, and hold their court there. I do not exaggerate, the expression is true. In the vast dwellings, formerly constructed by the serfs, by the conquered, by the Saxons, it is not rare to see collected about a hundred persons. Sport follows sport, dinners, balls, and theatrical entertainments occupy the evening. The castles, which recall our noble châteaux of Fontainebleau, or Compiègne, have all saloons for theatrical amusement, concerts, and balls. A newspaper, the *Morning Post*, announces daily in England the noble visitors who arrive at the different residences, and the parties that are given. All the nation associates itself with this splendour, and applauds the intellectual luxury. The great families are thus known, loved, and respected."

The Peerage, "the golden book of the English nobility," is "the second Bible of England. Every one reads it. The English know it better than they know the history of their country." And why has France no standard aristocracy?—

"Where are the descendants of the companions of Merovee and Clovis? Where are the descendants of the Crusaders? Where are the representatives of the great feudal families of the Middle Ages, the Dukes of Brittany and Burgundy, the Counts of Nevers and of Artois? Where are the sons of the gentlemen who have spread so high and so far the glory of French chivalry? Has not each reign in France brought forward new names? Did the nobility of Francis the First descend from the nobility of Charles the Seventh? Did the nobility of Louis the Fourteenth descend from the nobility of the Bearnaise? Hardly from one century to another did a name survive. All died in France, all died away; and yet so admirably gifted is the nation that each generation brought with it imperishable glory. Every thing lived and was perpetuated in England."

Furthermore, he ranges before him a magnificent list of English historical names, and falls down and worships them—Somersets, Hamiltons, and Howards:—

"Then, alas! come the great modern, illustrious nobles, those who date from our wars, and were created from our misfortunes.....The Duke of Marlborough, Lord Nelson, and the Duke of Wellington!"

"England," he says, "is the country of right rather than the country of liberty." Not bad, as an epigram; but, like most epigrams, only half true. It is needless to stay with M. de Loigne while he deplores and reviles the French Revolution; the reader will prefer to be entertained with some of a sub-Prefect's notions of English manners and customs. What shall we say of this?—

"In France the child is brought up, develops itself, grows, and studies under the eyes of its mother. If he walks she watches him; if he speaks, she listens; if he weeps, she pities him; if he laughs, she laughs with him; if he plays, she joins him. His thoughts, emotions, tears or smiles, joys or griefs—all are shared. The family is not numerous, hardly more than two or three brothers and sisters; but this little world lives under the eyes of the father and mother, and the anxious, active, foreseeing affection of the latter anticipates their wants and wishes. In England there is nothing parallel. There you will not find the tender intimacy, and foresight of our domestic hearths. Almost as soon as a child is born, it is confided to strange hands—a Frenchwoman or German takes care of it, and teaches it her own language. Later, it joins its numerous brothers and sisters, and plays and studies with them, under the care of a governess. Once a day, at lunch, the father and mother descend and mix with their children; and in these short moments, when the family is united, I do not know whether respect does not close their young mouths and restrain the rapture of their youthful hearts. The repast finished, the noisy recreation follows, ani-

mated and joyous, far from their parents, in separate apartments, under the cold and indifferent eye of the governess."

The English child is a man; the French child a small seraph. Even the Englishwoman, as M. Philartète Chasles says, by the way, has "a light and travelled step, a haughty and passionate soul." But to proceed with the children:—

"Even as the gaze of an English child is steady and assured, is that of a French child veiled and profound. *I will*, says the one—I dream and I love, says the other."

Our English mothers will learn something new from the Boulogne official, who pictures the setting forth of an English youth at fifteen, and the farewell of his parents:—

"Even the adieux at the moment a young man leaves to set forth on his travels through Europe, or to go to India, or to China, these adieux are neither sad nor tender. It really seems as if they were to meet the following day, and nevertheless, that pressure of the hands will perhaps be the last that will ever be exchanged! Contrast this with what takes place only on the return of our children to college. Look at the mother wiping her eyes bathed in tears, pressing to her heart her dearly loved son, from whom she will be separated only by a day's journey!"

Is this poetry, patriotism, or nonsense? or does M. de Loigne really believe it? It is an odd pendant to an odd book, which winds up with a blessing on the Second Empire, which is completing the work of Charlemagne, St. Louis, Francis the First, Henry the Fourth, and Louis the Fourteenth, and which enables France to pursue gloriously her mission as both "the head and the heart of humanity."

*Historical Notices of the Parishes of Swyncombe and Ewelme, in the County of Oxford.* By the Hon. and Rev. Alfred Napier. (Oxford, Wright.)

THE annals of a country parish do not at first sight seem to offer aught but topics of transitory interest or value. Yet who can doubt that a History of England, following apparently such arbitrary boundaries as counties or parishes, would yield recollections serviceable to the public, to English, and perhaps even to foreign statesmen? The *wolds* and *bowlds* of Northumberland, the *wapentakes* of Yorkshire, the *marches* of Wales, suggest military allusions even in their names. Many a northern parish and ancient yew-tree-shadowed farmhouse could furnish us with lists of good bowmen and billmen who rose up at the call of Flemings, or Musgraves, or Hoghtons, or Stanleys, and followed them to Cressy, or Agincourt, or Flodden. And have not southern counties, with their harvests, wheat or golden-blossomed hops, records and monuments they are equally proud of? Metropolitan din of business and perplexity of politics are apt to make us careless of past history. Town parishes do not any longer afford the pleasantest associations; everybody is longing to be extra-parochial, and it is only when a townsman is able to take a dip into the country that he feels a parish to be an agreeable institution. The majority of our readers, we dare say, would be at a loss to fix the locality of Ewelme and Swyncombe, and, having fixed it, at a still greater loss to distinguish it mentally or with any degree of historical delight from many other country parishes. Swyncombe, in the county of Oxford, and hundred of Ewelme, bounded on the north by Bix and Nettlebed, on the west by Nuffield, on the east by Watlington and Pishill, does not seem an attractive preamble,—nor even the circumstance that it "contains 2,610 acres, statute measure, which include waste, downs, woods, meadow, arable land, and sites of buildings."



And yet attractive Swyncombe is. In the first place, it was an ancient pasture-ground of the wild boar, and the manor of Milo Crispin, Lord of Wallingford, and had attached to it the privileges of "fire, water, gallows, pillory, and ducking-stool," which the same Milo aforesaid conferred "in free, pure, and perpetual alms without reserve" upon the monks of Bec. Thence it came strangely into the hands of the Bacons, —thence into those of the Burghershes, one of whom, about Midsummer, 1369, went over with the Duke of Lancaster and "a power of archers" to France, —and whose daughter Matilda became the wife of Thomas, son of Geoffrey Chaucer. This Thomas was Sheriff of Oxfordshire, Speaker of the House of Commons, followed King Henry to Agincourt, was one of the Commissioners selected to negotiate the marriage with Catherine of Valois, and in all probability was present at the signing of the treaty of Troyes. The story of Alice, his daughter, the poet's granddaughter, who lies not far from her father and mother "in a high tomb of alabaster," watched over by "nine angels and beatified ecclesiastics," gives a romantic interest to Ewelme Church and neighbourhood. It appears that "in recompense of Geoffrey Chaucer's service in France, being sent thither ambassador, Edward the Third gave him this Maud, daughter and heir of Sir John Burghersh, Knight, whom he married to Thomas Chaucer, his son, to the great increase of his loving and amendment in blood." She was thrice married, bettering her fortune with each matrimonial change, —and from plain Mistress Alice becoming Lady Philip, then Countess of Salisbury, then Duchess of Suffolk, and in intimate connexion with the Nevilles, Warwicks, and even the royal Plantagenets. Yet the Lady Alice is not a person to admire or envy, unless steady tuft-hunting be admirable. Her husbands were all rich, —two of them famous, —and for place or family the Lady Alice, as ladies still are obliged to do, was compelled to renounce her friends. Her first husband, Sir John Philip, to whom she was affianced at the age of twelve, was a rich old knight, who had property in twelve counties, and was able, in return for the crown jewels, to accommodate Henry the Fifth with a loan. Hence, as the inscription on the good knight's grave at Kidderminster tells us, the Fifth Henry loved Sir John as a friend: —

Miles honorificus John Philip subjectus intus  
Henricus quintus dilexerat hunc ut amicus.

To the same cause, his exceeding wealth, we are inclined to refer his brother's desire, as expressed in a will, that Sir John's soul should be particularly prayed for. In the opinion of his biographer, it is doubtful whether Alice Chaucer was a *de facto* wife, though she took the style and title of Lady Philip. Her second, or first, husband was the great Salisbury, who conducted the Siege of Orleans, "a man more like the Romans than people of his own age." Alice, no doubt, in common with England, mourned her husband's untimely death by a bullet, —but she was not inconsolable. The Earl of Suffolk succeeded Salisbury in command, and filled the vacancy in his widow's heart. Perhaps he had seen her at Ewelme when she was a young and blooming virgin-widow, —for to Ewelme it seems Earl William came to bury his brother Michel under that rough stone, still to be seen, in the north aisle. Alice may have seen and not disliked the Earl in France, or at any rate heard her husband speak favourably of him. In any case, as the biographer well says, "who more proper than a hero to be the husband of a hero's widow? particularly as their rank in life and station were the same, and their fortunes equal."

In November, 1428, the Earl of Salisbury

was buried; in November, 1430, the Countess Alice obtained leave to become Lady Suffolk. Thenceforward honours fell thick upon her. She had granted to her the distinguished privilege of wearing not only the habit, but the ensign of the Garter, and was in immediate attendance on the sovereign. When the marriage of Henry the Sixth to Margaret of Anjou was arranged Suffolk was advanced to the dignity of Marquis, and with Alice made a grand entry in a splendid chariot to receive the bride. An engraving, which Walpole gives of the marriage, represents a magnificent lady "in a turban or diadem," which corresponds with the effigy in Ewelme Church of Lady Suffolk. How William rose, and how ignobly he perished, why need we relate; or how afterwards Alice went over to the Yorkist side, and deserted Queen Margaret in her need in order that her son might marry a Plantagenet. She saw, indeed, her grandchildren Princes and Princesses. She founded an almshouse at Ewelme, and she lies in a richly decorated tomb in the church, with an inscription beginning *Orate pro animâ Serenissime Principissæ Alicie*. For much interesting historic lore respecting Ewelme Palace, Greg's Manor-house, Swyncombe House, and the old fresco painting in the apse of Swyncombe Church, we commend our readers to Mr. Napier's excellent work.

*Lectures and Essays on University Subjects.* By John H. Newman, D.D. (Longman & Co.)

A series of discourses, or an odd volume, on any matter most agreeable to their respective authors, may be said to be sure of welcome, —whether the work be by Dr. Newman of the Oratory, or Dr. Newman the late Dean of Cape Town. With regard to the contents of the book now before us, they are at once described as lectures delivered to, or papers written for, the Roman Catholic University in Ireland. They have the rare merit of being "readable," and are often composed in a light, gossiping, anecdotal form, in order probably to obtain for them a circulation beyond the limits within which the interest in such a work might be naturally supposed to be confined. The subjects here discussed are many, but they have a certain connexion. They treat of Christianity and Letters, of Literature generally, and especially of Roman Catholic Literature, in relation to science, to religious literature, and to our own classical and popular literature. There are besides some learned and lively disquisitions on, and illustrations of, the ordinary elementary studies, and of University preaching. The remaining papers exhibit the author's opinions on Christianity in connexion or contrast with scientific investigation and physical and medical science. An exposition of what appeared to the author the forms of infidelity of the day, in 1854, is perhaps more controversial than any other portion of a volume which contains many pages that will amuse the idle and arrest the thinker, —which is often so extremely "partial" to one side as to be positively dishonest, and yet which, in the very hottest of its partiality, constantly betrays a love of the old freedom which the writer has taken with him into that camp from which, as he says, he now looks out at the "enemy." With the controversial portions of the volume, we have, happily, nothing to do. It is with so much the more pleasure that we turn to those pages which may interest the enlightened generally; as, for instance, in this brief, but admirably condensed view of Homer, in which as much is said as if the writer had gold-leafed it over a triad of volumes: —

"In the country which has been the fountain-

head of intellectual gifts, in the age which preceded or introduced the first formations of Human Society, in an era scarcely historical, we may dimly discern an almost mythical personage, who, putting out of consideration the actors in Old Testament History, may be called the first Apostle of Civilization. Like an Apostle in another order of things, he was poor and a wanderer, and feeble in the flesh, though he was to do such great things, and to live in the mouths of a hundred generations and a thousand tribes. A blind old man, whose wanderings were such, that when he became famous, his birth-place could not be ascertained: —

Seven famous towns contend for Homer dead,

Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

Yet he had a name in his day; and, little guessing in what vast measures his wish would be answered, he supplicated, with a tender human feeling, as he wandered over the islands of the Ægean and the Asian coasts, that those who had known and loved him, would cherish his memory when he was absent. Unlike the proud boast of the Roman poet, if he spoke it in earnest, 'Exegi monumentum ære perennius,' he did but indulge the hope, that one, whose coming had been expected with pleasure, might excite regret when he went away, and be rewarded by the sympathy and praise of his friends even in the presence of other minstrels. A set of verses remains, which is ascribed to him, in which he addresses the Delian women in the tone of feeling which I have described. 'Farewell to you all,' he says, 'and remember me in time to come, and when any one of men on earth, a stranger from far, shall inquire of you, O maidens, who is the sweetest of minstrels hereabout, and in whom do you most delight? then make answer modestly, It is a blind man and he lives in steep Chios.' The great poet remained unknown for some centuries, —that is, unknown to what we call fame. His verses were cherished by his countrymen, they might be the secret delight of thousands, but they were not collected into a volume, nor viewed as a whole nor made a subject of criticism. At length an Athenian Prince took upon him the task of gathering together the scattered fragments of a genius which had not aspired to immortality, of reducing them to writing, and of fitting them to be the text book of ancient education. Henceforth the vagrant ballad-singer, as he might be thought, was submitted, to his surprise, to a sort of literary canonization, and was invested with the office of forming the young mind of Greece to noble thoughts and bold deeds. To be read in Homer, soon became the education of a gentleman; and a rule, recognized in her free age, remained as a tradition even in the times of her degradation. Xenophon introduces to us a youth who knew both Iliad and Odyssey by heart; Dio witnesses that they were some of the first books put into the hands of boys; and Horace decided that they taught the science of life better than Stoic or Academic. Alexander the Great nourished his imagination by the scenes of the Iliad. As time went on, other poets were associated with Homer in the work of education, such as Hesiod and the Tragedians. The majestic lessons concerning duty and religion, justice and providence, which occur in Æschylus and Sophocles, belong to a higher school than that of Homer; and the verses of Euripides, even in his lifetime, were so familiar to Athenian lips and so dear to foreign ears, that, as is reported, the captives of Syracuse gained their freedom at the price of reciting them to their conquerors."

There are obvious objections to be made to some of the passages of the above extract; but probably they have been anticipated by many of our readers. We may question, too, considering the religious teaching given by the "civilizing Apostle," Homer, whether adequate justice be rendered him when the tragedians are placed above him as superior exponents of duty, religion, justice, and providence. At the popularity of these much later writers we cannot at all wonder. When they arose in their night and their splendour, Greece had been living, intellectually, for centuries, on the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey.' The tragedians not only discovered a new world, but they brought it home to the

Greeks. That their moral or religious sense was more sublime than that of the poet of the sightless orbs may, however, be fairly questioned. There were not wanting early Christian divines who, amid what they held to be the allegories of the 'Odyssey,' for example, traced the mystery of mysteries, and in the sufferings and degradations of Ulysses saw the humility and the passion of Christ. This is the more remarkable as the 'Odyssey' is really a semi-burlesque poem,—now as dignified and heroic as inspired bard could make it, and anon showing us a stage crowded by very magnificent people, with very ridiculous names, enacting outrageous absurdities, and seemingly in full enjoyment of their own fun. Such an idea as that we have noticed above with regard to Ulysses could never have struck any one on consorting with the Ulysses of solemn tragedy, where he is as different from his namesake of the epic as the Socrates of Plato differs from the Socrates of Xenophon,—and this for opposite reasons. The King of Ithaca of the poets stands before us as he was *imagined* by the respective writers; but the Socrates of the philosopher and the Socrates of the lively literary soldier is one and the same man, faithfully portrayed from different points of view. The graver artist limns the sober man; and Plato's sage is a highly respectable individual, sure of admission to any society, however nice as to character; while Xenophon's friend is a lively, gossiping, and rather rakish scholar, who loved Wisdom indeed, and also to "make a night of it," while talking about her.

Among the confessions reluctantly made by the author, there is one which, as he remarks, there is no use in denying, namely, that the national literature of England is a Protestant literature, and that it must remain so till the hypothetical period when Rome may again be our mother. Meanwhile:—

"Porson is no edifying companion for young men of eighteen, nor are his letters on the text of the Three Heavenly Witnesses to be recommended; but that does not hinder his being admitted into Catholic schools, while he is confined within the limits of his Preface to the Hecuba. Franklin certainly would have been intolerable in person, if he began to talk freely, and throw out, as I think he did in private, that each solar system had its own god; but such extravagances of so able a man do not interfere with the honour we justly pay his name in the history of experimental science. Nay, the great Newton himself would have been silenced in a Catholic University, when he got upon the Apocalypse; yet is that any reason why we should not study his Principia, or avail ourselves of the wonderful analysis which he, Protestant as he was, originated, and which French infidels have developed? We are glad, for their own sakes, that anti-Catholic writers should, in their posthumous influence, do as much real service to the human race as ever they can, and have no wish to interfere with it."

Again:—

"Whether we will or no, the phraseology and diction of Shakespeare, of the Protestant formularies, of Milton, of Pope, of Johnson's Tabletalk, and of Walter Scott, have become a portion of the vernacular tongue, the household words of which perhaps we little guess the origin, and the very idioms of our familiar conversation. The man in the comedy spoke prose without knowing it; and we Catholics, without consciousness and without offence, are ever repeating the half sentences of dissolute playwrights and heretical partizans and preachers. So tyrannous is the literature of a nation; it is too much for us. We cannot destroy or reverse it; we may confront and encounter it, but we cannot make it over again. It is a great work of man, when it is no work of God's."

The above passages recur to the mind of the reader when he reaches much further advanced pages of this volume. It will be remembered

with what fear and trembling the great Pöle, Kopernick, published the immortal book which set the solar system right, and tuned the seeming discord of the spheres. It was a book founded on opinions held by various speculative pagans, among others, by Euphantus, Pythagoras and Plato, and proved by the author's own experiences. Dr. Newman thus speaks of the result:—

"When the Copernican system first made progress, what religious man would not have been tempted to uneasiness, or at least fear of scandal, from the seeming contradiction which it involved to some authoritative tradition of the Church and the declaration of Scripture? It was generally received, as if the Apostles had expressly delivered it both orally and in writing, that the earth was stationary, and that the sun was fixed in a solid firmament which whirled round the earth. After a little time, however, and on full consideration, it was found that the Church had decided next to nothing on questions such as these, and that Physical Science might range in this sphere of thought almost at will, without fear of encountering the decisions of ecclesiastical authority. Now, besides the relief which it afforded to Catholics to find that they were to be spared this addition, on the side of Cosmology, to their many controversies already existing, there is something of an argument in this circumstance in behalf of the divinity of their Religion. For it surely is a very remarkable fact, considering how widely and how long one certain interpretation of these physical statements in Scripture had been received by Catholics, that the Church should not have formally acknowledged it. Looking at the matter in a human point of view, it was inevitable that she should have made that opinion her own. But now we find, on ascertaining where we stand, in the face of the new sciences of these latter times, that, in spite of the bountiful comments which from the first she has ever been making on the sacred text, as it is her duty and her right to do, nevertheless she has never been led formally to explain the texts in question, or to give them an authoritative sense which modern science may question. Nor was this escape a mere accident, or what will more religiously be called a providential event, as is shown by a passage of history in the dark age itself. When the glorious St. Boniface, Apostle of Germany, great in sanctity, though not in secular knowledge, complained to the Holy See that St. Virgilius taught the existence of the Antipodes, the Holy See apparently evaded the question, not indeed siding with the Irish philosopher, which would have been going out of its place, but passing over, in a matter not revealed, a philosophical opinion."

One would hardly imagine, from reading the above, that Virgilius had a very uneasy life of it, at the hands of Boniface, because of his discovery,—or that the censure of the Church was taken off from the philosopher of Thorn, less than a quarter of a century ago!

We commenced with Homer, the apostle of civilization; we close our extracts with a smart illustration of what use has been made of the acute philosopher who wrote and argued when the civilization, so announced, had seen the best and brightest of its glory. Dr. Newman is speaking of the mediæval Universities, and asks, if any man be simple enough to believe that the Church, at that time, shackled the free souls of any intellectual teacher:—

"Aristotle was a somewhat more serious foe then, beyond all mistake, than Bacon has been since. Did the Church take a high hand with philosophy then? No, not though it was metaphysical. It was a time when she had temporal power, and could have exterminated the spirit of inquiry with fire and sword; but she determined to put it down by argument; she said: 'Two can play at that, and my argument is the better.' She sent her controversialists into the philosophical arena. It was the Dominican and Franciscan doctors, the greatest of them being St. Thomas, who in those mediæval Universities fought the battle of Revela-

tion with the weapons of heathenism. It was no matter whose the weapon was; truth was truth all the world over. With the jawbone of an ass, with the skeleton philosophy of pagan Greece, did the Samson of the schools put to flight his thousand Philistines. Here, Gentlemen, observe the contrast exhibited by the Church herself, who has the gift of wisdom, and even the ablest, or wisest, or holiest of her children. As St. Boniface had been jealous of physical speculations, so had the early Fathers shown an extreme aversion to the great heathen philosopher whom I just now named, Aristotle. I do not know who of them could endure him; and, when there arose those in the middle age who would take his part, especially since their intentions were of a suspicious character, a strenuous effort was made to banish him out of Christendom. The Church the while had kept silence; she had a little denounced heathen philosophy in the mass, as she had pronounced upon the meaning of certain texts of Scripture of a cosmological character. From Tertullian and Caius to the two Gregories of Cappadocia, from them to Anastasius Sinaita, from him to the school of Paris, Aristotle was a word of offence; at length St. Thomas made him a hewer of wood and drawer of water to the Church. A strong slave he is; and the Church herself has given her sanction to the use in Theology of the ideas and terms of his philosophy."

Thus it will have been seen, that if Dr. Newman does not exactly write history, he can, at least, pen very pleasant commentaries.

*Northumberland and the Border.* By Walter White. (Chapman & Hall.)

This book consists for the most part of light sketches of scenes, viewed with phantasmagoric rapidity. For although the author's wanderings do not comprise a large area, he flits from place to place; and the result is, a series of descriptions in the itinerary style, copiously helped out by the free use of county histories and chronicles.

Mr. White possesses the great advantage of being always in good humour with himself. Knapsack on back, all we have to do, quoth he, "is to walk and be happy." Wet or fair, shine or shadow, calm or storm, walk on, unmindful if the mercury be at zero, or endeavouring to escape, as in this powerfully calorific July, at the top of the tube. However, as we shall see, walking in Northumberland is not without disadvantages, independently of those arising from meteorological influences. Mr. White is at Allentown, a dull place, where the inns are not running over with guests; and, consequently, where he justly considered that a traveller would be a prize:—

"But I was mistaken: The landlady of the *King's Head* had not a bed to spare; at least, she said she hadn't, though I did not believe her, and advised me to go next door. Thither I went. Mine host of the *Golden Lion*, who stood drowsily against his door-post, was very sorry; would let me have a room and welcome, but every room was engaged. I walked across the shingle to a public-house: no, the master and mistress had gone to Stagshaw Bank fair, and their representative would not be convinced that their absence made the more room for me. I recrossed the shingle to another public-house; same result; then to two others, but they were all churls alike, and appeared to consider the entertainment of travellers the very last part of their duty. 'Can you tell me where an honest man can find a bed?' I said to a policeman whom I met. He named all the houses one after another which had refused me, and that was all he could do to help me. On further inquiry I heard of a Mary Teasdale who took in lodgers. She, however, had given up taking in lodgers just the week before. What did it mean? I wondered. Is a man with a knapsack on his shoulder taken for a rogue here in Northumberland? Perhaps it is a case for which the doctor can prescribe. I knocked at a door which bore the doctor's name on a brass-plate. It was opened by the assistant. I stated my case,



and mentioned that I had credentials, in the shape of a letter from a gentleman who may be described as Viceroy of Allendale. But the case was beyond the reach of medicine. It was very strange: and the adviser declaring himself unable to advise, made a bow, and shut the door. My day's walking amounted to about fifteen miles. I wished to stay in Allentown in order to see the smelt-mill on the following morning; but now the chances seemed in favour of my having to walk to Haydon Bridge, seven miles farther, to find quarters. My letter was addressed to the manager of the mill, and I could call on him on the way. He was at home, taking tea after the labours of the day, and looked, as I thought, doubtfully at the letter, and said, 'Ay; ye'll come and see the mill in the morning.' I told him of the cheerful reception I had met with at Allentown. 'Ay; they're cautious folk up there,' he replied, and advised me to go to the public-house at Thorney Gate and mention his name, and I should be sure to get a bed. To which, warned by my experience of Northumbrian hospitality, I answered, 'Suppose I don't?'—'Then ye had best gang on to Catton, ye'll be sure to get a bed at one of the public-houses there.'—'Suppose I don't? My belief is, that I shall have to go on to Haydon Bridge.'—'Well, ye'll come and see the mill in the morning.'—'Good evening to you,' I rejoined; 'if I sleep to night at Haydon Bridge, you won't catch me back in this inhospitable country in the morning.' Descending the hill, I came presently to the mill and the great arch which carries the chimney across the road on its way to the wild fell where we passed the topmost ends some two hours since; and when I saw the extent of the mill and the numerous piles of pigs of lead by the road side, I found it easy to believe that the Allendale mines yield one seventh of all the lead produced in the kingdom. My foreboding was verified. Thorney Gate wouldn't. And at Catton, about a mile further, the *Hare and Hounds* wouldn't, the *Unicorn* wouldn't, the *Licensed to sell* couldn't; and were all as inexorable as Allentown; had I asked them to lend me a ten-pound note, they could hardly have been more surprised than they were by a request for a bed. So it is not always true that you can get what you want with money.

But lest our readers might suppose that Northumberland innkeepers generally are thus chary of granting accommodation to the pedestrian wayfarer, we are bound to add that Mr. White was taken for a sapper, and that the members of this branch of the Queen's service, who are engaged in the Ordnance Survey, have, by superfluous gallantry, made themselves obnoxious to landlords and landladies, while finding favour in the eyes of their maidens.

Though you may be inconvenienced in one respect by these gallant trigonometers, you will be indebted to them for much topographical information, which, it appears, the Northumbrian peasant cannot give:—

"There is, however, one particular in which neither hind nor labourer is clever—he cannot describe a route. In every instance that I asked the way, of a rustic in Northumberland, he sent me wrong; not, I believe, wilfully, but because knowing the way so well himself, he failed to recognize the difficulties which would inevitably betray a stranger. As a German philosopher would say, he looks at the question subjectively, and not objectively."

Our experience, however, which is not slight, tends to the conclusion that the Northumbrian rustic is not more deficient in topographical knowledge than his neighbours; and all who have penetrated the byways of England will remember the bovine stare which is returned by peasants to the demand for topographical information.

Mr. White visited Sir William Armstrong's famous engine-works at Elswick. Here he "saw the gun—the nine-pounder—with which the improvements commenced, and a pretty thing

it is for one so astoundingly fatal. It rests on a slide which, by receiving the first shock of the recoil, saves the carriage from strain and disturbance: the sights are arranged to secure unerring aim; it is loaded at the breech; the shot is smooth and cylindrical, some seven or eight inches long, with the foremost end finished to a point; and the bore of the piece being rifled, the gunner may hit every time he fires, if he will. 'Ah! that's the one that went eight feet into a solid butt of elm,' said Sir William, seeing me take up a shot for examination that lay in the office. The gun was first tried on the hills above Allentown, in the rear of Kilhope Law, where the range is wide enough to obviate all fear of mischief. Afterwards it underwent rigorous trials before incredulous military officers at Shoburness, who had, at last, to confess that not a gun in all Her Majesty's service could equal it; and now we know that a thirty-two pounder has sent its shot more than five miles, the weight of the gun being less than one-half of the ordinary thirty-twos, while the durability is far greater. Leaving aside all speculations as to the possible destruction and damage at distances of five miles or more, the Armstrong gun demonstrates its superiority and utility, if only by restoring to artillery the supremacy of range which it should have in the field. Since rifles were improved, artillery-men have not been able to keep out of range; but the Armstrong gun overshoots the new rifles as far as ordinary guns overshoot the old musket, not to say farther, and therewith war will perhaps be satisfied, at least until new tactics are invented."

Sir William Armstrong did not make his visitor acquainted with the recent improvements of his formidable gun; but we have reason to believe that its powers have not been exaggerated.

Although the iron horse has penetrated Northumberland, ancient habits still cling to the peasantry. Here is a picture of the Northumbrian cottage and of its occupants:—

"'Tis not a cheerful-looking cottage; it retains the mediæval abstinence from daylight, with niggard casements, while the door fits so badly, that you may put your hand into the chinks, through which the wind finds its way with lusty howl. Inside you see a rough stone floor, a grate with a coal fire, a woman ironing her cap borders at a table under the window, and in the rear two large box-beds. Imagine a couple of berths from the steerage of a ship inclosed in movable closets made of deal or fir, and you will see the box-bed of the hind of Northumberland. In those stifling recesses they, their wives and their children, and the 'bondager' sleep; in the same room in which they live and take their meals. It is well, perhaps, that the door should not fit closely. This free-and-easy style of domestic life, may have suited Arcadia and the golden age, but it seems hardly compatible with our busy iron age. However, we must not forget that civilization has not yet grown to full age in this northernmost of English counties; nor the stubbornness of habit. Here in Northumberland the hind—as the farm-labourer is called—is hired by the year upon terms, or 'conditions,' to use the local word, expressed in a formal written agreement. His master finds him a cottage and garden, keep for a cow, 'leads' his coal; that is, lends a horse and cart to fetch coal, supplies him with wheat, rye, barley, peas, a given weight of wool, and a thousand yards of potatoes measured along the ridge; but in actual money he gets usually not more than four pounds. The total value of his year's income may be set down as from thirty-five to forty pounds, which is below the rate of wages in some counties south of the Tyne. His supply of food is amply sufficient for his wants, and we have it on good authority—Mr. Grey, of Dilstone—that he does not deny himself joints of meat. As a class the hinds are industrious and well-conducted; not slow to see the advantages of education, or to send their children to school. But they are migratory, and obstinate to maintain their rights; and will spend twenty shillings in moving miles away to a new place, for a difference of ten shillings in the year's wages. It is a local custom, one deeply rooted, that every hind shall provide a

'bondager' for his master's service, at the rate of tenpence or a shilling a day, according to season. This bondager is commonly a girl or young woman; the hind's daughter, if he have one old enough; if not, he must hire one. She becomes one of his household, depending on him for food and lodging, and when, as sometimes happens, there is no work in the fields, he must still keep her, and she hangs about at home, sewing a little for herself if she can. As regards housework, the testimony concerning her is, that she is not fond of it, or of offering to assist the wife. A large party of these bondagers at work in the fields, hoeing turnips, is a remarkable sight for a stranger. At times, they may be seen standing on the midden and loading the dung-cart. Coarse, blowzy girls, most of them wearing a blue gown, and a kerchief on the head; but see them on Sundays, and you would wonder at their showy imitation of fashionable dress, manifested in the boldest of colours. They work from six in the morning till six in the evening, and during their dinner-hour you may sometimes see them romping, but commonly they betake themselves to the nearest path or road-side, and there lie down to look at the passers-by. They appear to be contented enough, notwithstanding their designation—'bondagers.' How that word sets one thinking of serfdom! I remember my first sight of bondagers; it was soon after sunrise one morning at Alnwick, when I saw thirty or forty washing their hands and faces in the pant—public fountain in the market-place; and there within view of the castle, it seemed to me a relic of the feudal ages. But after all, though called bondagers, the life of the girls is not one of bondage: they are simply hired servants. Habit, it is said, has reconciled the hind's wife to the presence of another woman in the habitation, sleeping in the next box, sharing the space which is at once dressing-room, dining-room, and kitchen; but if the wives could have their own way, the habit would, no doubt, soon be changed. There has been at times cause for jealousy, the hind has proved himself unfaithful; but such instances, as I was informed on diligent inquiry, are rare. In this respect, Northumbrian morals may compare favourably with the results of what is known as the 'bothy system' in the west of Scotland."

Unfavourable as the sanitary circumstances seem to be under which the Northumberland peasant is brought up, nowhere in England will you find sturdier, more stalwart, or more active men than those of our most northern county. The officers of the Northumberland militia boast that the ranks of their men cover more ground than those of any other military regiment in the service; and as proof of the agility of Northumberland peasants, take the following amazing record of their saltatory powers:—

"Dingle-ding-ding, and we have preparations for a standing hop-step-and-leap. Hercules is one of the competitors; he takes off his highwings, and, as he walks past carrying them in his hand, Rustic says, 'Look at his shoon, did ye ever see sic shoon? they're as big as boats.' It is amazing to see what flights are taken through the air! Hercules does well, but seems to me to owe his distance more to length of limb than agility; for his heels strike the ground with a thud heavy enough for an elephant. He clears thirty feet six inches without a run, be it remembered. But a slim young lad from Hawick, conspicuous by his scarlet vest, does better, and with his hop, stride, and jump—as we say in the south—clears thirty feet eleven inches. 'Thot's him, thot's him!' cries Rustic, 'him wi' the red sark, I dinna mind his neam'; pointing the victor out to his companions, while the bellman proclaims the distance. That slim young lad, if not misled by flattery and whisky, will probably become famous as a leaper, for Nature has given him a proper length of leg, and a development of steatopygia, which, while reminding you of a negress, betokens a general supply of muscle. 'Hey, mon, it's an awfu' wund,' breaks in Rustic once more; and, indeed, it is cold, making me shiver; and the leapers wrap themselves in mauds and thick rough coats in the pauses of the game. Better so, however, than a sweltering heat. Then follows hop, stride, and jump, with a run, but not

to the glory of Redsark; he gets neither the first nor the second prize. Forty-three feet seven inches by another man from Hawick wins the first, and forty-three feet by Hercules wins the second. To this succeeds Hitch and Kick—a feat quite new to me. A staff, upon which slides a moveable bracket, is fixed upright in the ground; you might fancy it the measuring rod by which the recruiting sergeant takes the height of smart young men anxious to fight for their country; and the bracket being set at a height of six feet, a disk of parchment stretched on a hoop about the size of a dessert plate, is laid upon it. A few minutes of calm would now be desirable, for the disk is so light that it is repeatedly blown off. The game consists in the player leaping up by the side of the staff, and while up kicking the disk off the bracket, and then giving something like a polka hitch with his heel before he touches the earth. Hence the name Hitch and Kick; not an easy effort of gymnastics, as any one who has a soft place to practise on may uncomfortably prove. Redsark springs first, and away flies the disk, as if six feet were but a joke; and three or four others that follow are equally successful. One of them is a short, burly fellow, by far too thick and heavy for feats of vaulting ambition, as one might judge, yet he leaps agile as a pantaloons. 'He's a tailyer, I tell ye he's a tailyer!' argues Rustic loudly, to settle a dispute as to the heavy leaper's calling. The bracket is pushed up to seven feet, and now the players must kick to a considerable height above their heads, and they all but one knock off the disk, and that one, incredible as it may seem, is not the thick 'tailyer.' But he fails at the next trial, with the bracket raised to eight feet; and although I see three others leap up, and send the disk flying with that surprising, high-jerked kick, I can hardly believe my own eyes. Another rise—eight feet six—they all fail. A little lower—there, eight feet two—the players try again, and one of the three dislodges the parchment. 'Weel dune! weel dune!' cry the rustics: 'thot's braw.'

Worthy descendants these of those famous English borderers who excelled in the use of the long bow, and whose war-cry or "slogan" long struck terror throughout the ranks of their adversaries. And while such thews and muscles exist among our countrymen, enabling them to clear upwards of forty feet at a leap, may we not still cherish, in these days of political perplexity and strife among nations, the comfortable belief that one Englishman is a match for—we will put it mathematically—an unknown quantity of foemen?

Our extracts are fair specimens of the best portions of Mr. White's book, which will render good service to any one disposed for a pedestrian excursion through Northumberland.

*A New History of the Conquest of Mexico. In which Las Casas' Denunciations of the Popular Historians of that War are fully vindicated.* By R. A. Wilson. (Trübner & Co.)

IF Mr. Wilson's book is history, Mr. Prescott's is romance. The entire vision of Mexico, of the Aztecs, and of Montezuma drifts out of sight in shapeless clouds. It is infinitely to be regretted that death should have cut off the great American writer before he could attempt the refutation of his antagonist's views. We know, however, what he thought of them. The critical controversy was no bar to personal friendship. The rival historians corresponded; and, in a letter to Mr. Wilson, Prescott wrote:—"I see you are making clean work of the Aztec civilization. If you do as much with the Peruvian, there will be little left to stand on upon this continent but a myth." However, he was not himself convinced, but adds: "Truth is mighty, and will prevail; and if you can furnish the means of arriving at it in this fair historical question, you are certainly bound to do so. If I should not become a convert to your views, it would not be strange, considering

that I have been so long accustomed to look only on one side of the matter; and that your theory, moreover, if established, would convert what I have hitherto done into mere *châteaux en Espagne*." Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, is confident in his hypothesis, for which he primarily claims credit on the ground that, as a lawyer, he has thoroughly sifted the evidence, a labour from which Mr. Prescott, as he thinks, was incapacitated by a "physical infirmity." To this point allusion is frequently made; and we think too much emphasis is laid upon it.

Mr. Wilson's faith in the Spanish historical version upon which Mr. Prescott's magnificent narrative is founded, was first shaken by personal research in Mexico itself. He then thought that the name of Bernal Diaz had been appended to a myth. His next process was to examine the despatches of Cortez, consisting of two distinct parts—"an accurate detail of adventures consistent throughout with the topography of the region in which they occurred"; the other, "a mass of foreign material, apparently borrowed from fables of the Moorish era, for effect in Spain." It will be observed, that the method of reasoning thus exemplified is particularly facile. Mr. Wilson's object, however, was not solely to discredit Mr. Prescott's History; he is ambitious of introducing "an entirely new theory to account for the pre-existence of American civilization." Having "proved" one belief fabulous, he had "to construct another, consistent with the newly-discovered facts of archaeology." That other is simply an identification of the extinct Central American empire, in architecture, art, and religion, with the antique Phœnicia. In order to establish this view, the author denounces, as Spanish fabrications, the picture-writings copied into the volumes of Lord Kingsborough. Diaz, Gomora, Fernando de Alva, and the monkish writers, are all repudiated, in the spirit of Las Casas, with summary contempt; Boturini, Clavigero, and Veytia follow them into the sceptical limbo, with the whole story of the human sacrifices, already condemned by Mr. Cass and Mr. Gallatin. The result is, that Mr. Wilson considers himself to have demonstrated, "beyond a cavil," the Egyptian and Phœnician origin of every vestige of civilized ground on the American continent. His argument is voluminous, elaborate, and minute, full of learning and ingenuity; but if Mr. Prescott read credulously, Mr. Wilson reasons daringly; if the Babylonian perspectives of Aztec glory opened up by Spanish writers abound in exaggeration—as we have no doubt they do—we may still hesitate to admit that Mr. Wilson's theory is a necessary consequence. All that palatial and golden splendour, that atmosphere of music and beauty, that world of elegant pages and submissive handmaidens, those temples emulous in their grandeur of the mountains that looked down on them, must, of course, be supposed to have been painted by dazzled artists, whose interest it was to delight their sovereign and their countrymen. Yet, in re-writing the annals of the Mexican Conquest, something is more essential than the bestowal of compassion on Mr. Prescott's credulity. Mr. Prescott, before he commenced his brilliant work, expended almost a fortune in the purchase of books and manuscripts bearing on the story of the aboriginal Empire, and, blind though he was, he had a most analytical and perceptive mind. So much scholarship and integrity is not lightly to be set aside, especially as Mr. Wilson is not satisfied with stripping off the modern embellishments of Mexican history, but insists also on a bold hypothesis which, he must pardon us for saying, he has decidedly not "established beyond a cavil." His "iden-

tification" is plausible; and certainly suggests a number of remarkable coincidences and probabilities, and that is all. The evidence is purely circumstantial. It will be seen how, in the following passage, "most likely" does duty in lieu of demonstration:—

"When India, China, Japan, and the Islands of the Eastern Sea were the attractive points of ancient commerce, was it always carried on by the hazardous route of the Red Sea, and the wider ocean, or by that of the Tigris and Euphrates? The course of the trade-wind to America, was most likely adopted. Merchandise unladen in a harbour of the Caribbean Sea had but a short transit to the noble bay of Fonseca on the Pacific. Five hundred years of prosperous commerce with the Mediterranean and with India otherwise hardly accounts for the magnitude of the *thirty ruined cities*, already discovered in Yucatan alone. And there may be buried in its forests, and as yet undiscovered, even others, greater and more numerous. But whence came the untold millions that peopled that region? They have so utterly perished as to be beyond the reach of tradition by at least a thousand years. Is their extinction that of the races of ancient Egypt, Phœnicia, Mesopotamia, Spain, and Italy? Was it the consequence of their overthrow, or the effects of climate?"

How did the Phœnicians get to America? Nothing easier:—

"The tombs of the Pharaohs have solved this difficulty. There we find ships of commerce—ships propelled by sails alone. They were then in existence before the time of Moses, and, consequently, hundreds of years before the Greeks had a national existence. For purposes of piracy and war, the galley perhaps surpassed the sailing vessel, and when war superseded the place of commerce, the oar superseded the sail. Yet the ship may have rode triumphantly upon the ocean, centuries after the galley had driven it from the internal seas. But, as soon as ships, propelled by the wind alone, disappeared from the coasts of Spain and Gaul, the pathways of the ocean were lost, and the empire beyond the seas remembered only as a tale of the *barbarians*."

This is ingenious, but unconvincing. The existence of a sailing vessel does not imply the practice of ocean navigation.

The controversy is one not likely yet to be settled. Those who are interested in it will find in Mr. Wilson's volume a dashing commentary, which they may read agreeably and instructively after refreshing themselves with a perusal of Mr. Prescott's History.

*A Working Man's Evenings.—[Soirées d'un Ouvrier].—Lectures delivered before a Mutual Benefit Society.* By Hippolyte Violeau. (Paris, Bray.)

Few works written during the excitement of the last French Revolution have survived to the present time. Between the Luxembourg and the Quays dozens of stout volumes and thin brochures were put forth, while still the dream was upon men that labour was henceforth to have its fair and full reward always. Frantic patriots committed wild theories to paper; dangerous somnambulists disturbed the deliberations of the Luxembourg Parliament of Blouses, for the errors of which M. Louis Blanc has been most unjustly blamed. There are one or two histories of the *Ateliers Nationaux*, and humorous stories of Clichy when full of working fraternal tailors, abound. After failure, the French turn upon the toppled idol of yesterday, and turn him to vastly amusing account.

There were at Morlaix, in Brittany, it would appear, however, in the years 1848-49, many working men, to whom the dreams of the Luxembourg were less inviting than the sober, sensible, and most earnest exhortations of M. Hippolyte Violeau—a lecturer, who drew the



warning examples with which he lightened his lectures, from the bitterness—the healthy bitterness—of experience. Taken as addresses written with the view of interesting, and of elevating the character of an ignorant or half-educated audience, it would be difficult to point to better models. They are not “maudlin moral”; the lecturer is not elevated far above his audience; but, on the contrary, M. Violeau is one with his audience,—but one who can speak sharply and severely to them when he sees occasion for severity. That which is apparent through the most solemn exhortations, and in the enunciation of rigid maxims, is the liberal nature of the speaker. In every line he acknowledges that it is human to err. More, his teaching is enforced by examples gathered round the corner, or in the neighbouring town, among working people. The effects of drunkenness, of bad reading, of good and bad friendships, are set forth in stories, for the absolute truth of which the lecturer vouches. No wonder then that his little Morlaix Lectures should have been spread throughout France, and should have become a household book throughout the Rhenish provinces. It is impossible to read two of the fourteen lectures, before you discover that M. Violeau understands thoroughly the class to which he appeals, and is in earnest when he declares that he wishes the class well.

We shall offer our readers one or two examples of the manner in which subjects are dealt with in this volume. And, first, let us remark the liberal spirit in which the lecturer bids his audience approach the subject of temperance and total abstinence:—

Father Mathew (wrote a Nantes journal the other day), a Catholic priest and founder of Temperance societies, was the object recently of a splendid ovation at New York. Twenty-one guns announced his arrival. The Mayor and the notabilities of the city received him; and offered him a banquet from which wines and spirits were rigorously excluded. In reply to his health, proposed by the Mayor, Father Mathew said: “Truth and sincerity may be found as well in water as in wine; I give you a proof of this, in drinking this goblet of pure water to the prosperity of the Mayor and inhabitants of New York.” I don’t know whether I am mistaken or not, but it seems to me that this goblet of pure water would not have been palatable to the majority of Bretons. As regards myself, while I pay all due homage to the zeal of Father Mathew, while I desire a noble emulation among us in the cause of temperance, I own that the absolute proscription of wine is not agreeable to me. Taken in moderation, at the family board, wine has the power to brighten the spirits, especially at the frugal table where it seldom appears. After the lapse of twenty years, I can remember a modest bottle which an economical housewife placed every Sunday, and with a certain solemnity, before my grandfather’s plate. If during the week the neighbouring pump helped down the dinner of the old workman of the Rue du Rempart, at least once a week the bottle dethroned the pitcher; and while the bottle was being emptied among seven or eight persons, the unusual colour of the full glasses gave a holiday look to the house. The Irish reformer said to himself strong remedies for great evils; to beat down excesses in wine, and above all in spirits, I will preach total abstinence. Thus you see in the great fraternity raised by Father Mathew the water-bottle everywhere permanently established,—everywhere is the bottle—even the weekly bottle (that which appeared upon the table only on Sunday, the day of prayers, of rest and pleasure) cast aside as poison. Water from Monday morning to Sunday night; water from the Circumcision to St. Sylvester; water! always water. “Father Mathew,” Bretons exclaim, “this is very moral, but very insipid.”

Then follow anecdotes of the neighbourhood skilfully told, which illustrate the horrors that lie in the wake of the drunkard. The story

of Augustin is too long for quotation; but the following is an admirably illustrative bit—just the thing to touch impulsive Breton workmen:—

Can anything be more shocking, for example, than this incident, described in the *Sentinelles du Jura*? A tin-worker of Louhans, in his drunken rage, swore that he would kill his daughter, a girl in her sixteenth year, of whom he was very fond. The poor child, shut up in a room near the roof of the house, struggled away from the knife with which the drunkard threatened her. At last, unable to appease her father, and finding it impossible to escape, she said:—“Father, if I must die, let me at least save you from the scaffold.” She then rushed to the window and threw herself into the street. These stories might be multiplied. There is not a city, not a neighbourhood, not a street, which does not hide behind its walls stories as sad as this.

M. Violeau distinguishes, then, and delicately, between economy and parsimony, and always by apt stories. Here is a very quaint one:—

In a village of the department of La Meurthe, a poor woman (widow of an innkeeper) was weeping bitterly, while two neighbours were arranging the body of her husband in its coffin. “They’ve put a fine linen shirt upon him!” she murmured. “They’ve used a new sheet!” While she was uttering this lament, some friends from without called the neighbours away, and she was left alone. A bright idea struck her at once. A few days before the death a *troupe* of comedians had stopped at her house; and, being unable to pay their score, they had left some old comic costumes by way of security. The widow ran to her cupboard. Just the thing:—here is a complete Harlequin’s suit. With all possible despatch she opens the coffin, withdraws the fine shirt and new sheet, dresses the body in the Harlequin’s dress, covers the body, and returns to her chimney corner. Unfortunately, however, the husband was in a state of coma only. The porters arrive, bear the coffin away upon their shoulders, and make their way to the church, followed by the widow, who is weeping now, with one eye only. Suddenly a strange noise is heard; the corpse moves; the porters are frightened and drop the coffin, which breaks, and discovers Harlequin in his six-and-thirty colours. Imagine the confusion of the woman, and the astonishment of the crowd, to say nothing of that of Harlequin himself!

The lecture on Dangerous Reading is pleasantly illustrated and lightened by the experiences of a journeyman carpenter, who became madly romantic after reading novels in which journeymen carpenters found themselves the idols of countesses:—

Withdraw from our reading-rooms [exclaims M. Violeau] the books in which virtue is shown as a cheat; where vice is caressed in all its attractive forms; where there is a race between pictorial indecency and critical cynicism:—remove from our theatres those comedies in which age is an object of ridicule, where manly chastity is mocked at, where conjugal infidelity is a jest, and where the effrontery of a girl is culture;—put away all these abuses of talent, these mental debaucheries from the eyes of reader or spectator, and say whether many romances or dramatic pieces will remain. Great prudence is necessary, therefore, in choosing from this jumble; especially when, uninstructed, the reader cannot be guided by the author’s name.

On the choice of friendships, M. Violeau speaks with his usual force, his usual earnestness, and his usual good sense. We cannot pass this touching illustrative anecdote:—

On Christmas Eve, 1848, two children, about fourteen years of age, were skating on the canal at Châtillon. The boats had broken the ice here and there, and Fournier, one of the two, fell into a hole. He stretched out his arms to his friend Leblond; but this one could not reach him. Leblond could not possibly see his young friend perish before him, however, and was about to throw himself into the water, when Fournier, struggling for life and death, shouted: “Don’t come, Camille—

don’t come—you would be drowned as well!” “A cry like this must rise to Heaven,” said an inhabitant of Châtillon, who told the anecdote. Leblond succeeded, however, in rescuing the noble Fournier, by throwing his handkerchief to him. What a courageous and vehement sentiment was that which led two children to sacrifice themselves one for the other! Leblond endeavours to cast himself into the gulf to save his friend or share his death. Fournier, in the agonies of death, resists the strong natural instinct of self-preservation, and begs that Camille will not risk his life. A friend worthy of the name is a brother—is more than a brother, for a brother is given to us by Nature. The brother has often a disposition antagonistic to ours, has often different tastes,—but we choose a friend.

A life spent among working men has been given wholly to their welfare by the Author of these simple ‘Evenings.’ With the courage to tell them of their errors, he has the warmth of heart to make them feel that he is still their friend. His lessons are all taken from facts with which his auditors are familiar: his anecdotes are of the workshop and the forge. Told in simple, unaffected language, M. Violeau’s teachings of experience deserve, in short, their popularity—deserve the crown which the French Academy, seeing their social importance, has put upon them. It would be well if our neighbours had fewer Paul de Kocks and more Violeaus. We trust that the fourth edition of the ‘Evenings’ just issued will be as eagerly bought as the author’s German editions have been.

#### *Essays on the Genius of Pindar and on Lyric Poetry*—[*Essais, &c.*] By M. Villemain. (Paris, Didot Frères.)

A disquisition upon lyric poetry naturally ascends up to the date of the famous Theban whose name is always associated with the classic ode, and whose stately phraseology has governed lyric poets from Horace to Cowley and Gray. Aristotle makes no mention of Pindar, except so far as he may be classified among dithyrambic poets, confining his notice of lyrical writing to those subordinate choral parts which gave beauty and variation to the Greek drama. Into the ideal Republic, from which he excluded Homer, Plato admitted Pindar; and, in spite of Voltaire, we are inclined to consider the Theban poet as something more than the minstrel of Greek boxing-matches, or first violin to King Hiero. Pindar’s world, indeed, has not the universal width nor the height of Homer’s; the lyrical sea does not swell and dash round it, nor is it lit with the fresh sparkling light of the heroic morning: there is only enough wind to ruffle the leaves of the wild olive and pine, from which the crown of the conquerors at Olympia or on the Isthmus were woven. The light is that which comes in through the dark grove that surrounds the temple, or shines along a calm bay, where are anchored sacred vessels, whose poops are wreathed with ambrosial garlands. The Dorian harp celebrates the triumphs of kingly or civil victors: it reverences law, the sovran of mortals and immortals,—rehearses the secure happiness of the just, and of that wise administration which holds in its hands the keys of counsel and war, and firmly builds up the structure of political greatness. “To overthrow a city,” says Pindar, “is an easy thing, even for the weakest; but to establish and seat it securely is a hard work, unless a god make himself the governor of them who lead it.” In the ingenious *Essays* before us, M. Villemain compares Pindar with Bossuet, and adduces several passages illustrative of the similarity between them. The same religious fervour, the same love of pomp and state and splendour is noticeable in the

Doric poet as in the eloquent French bishop; a preference for kings and generals, for hereditary rather than elective forms of government. Pindar's politics and Bossuet's coincide too in this happy antithesis: that they do not desire to impose absolute power on a people, so much as aim at imposing upon power itself an absolute justice. A single passage from Bossuet may serve to illustrate M. Villemain's parallel, although in solemnity of tone and grandeur the Bishop of Meaux appears to us to bear away the prize from the Theban. "All rivers are alike in this, they issue from one common source; in their progress they roll their waters onward with a continual descent, and they lose their names as they lose their waters—in an infinite ocean, where the Rhine and the Danube are indistinguishable from the obscurest rivers. So with men. They begin with the same infirmity. In the progress of their age, their years push each other forward, like waves; their life necessarily rolls and falls by its own natural weight downward and ever downward to death; and in the end, after having traversed, some of them a wider tract, and others after having made a somewhat louder brawl than the rest, are all of them lost in that infinite gulf, where you will not find kings, nor princes, nor captains, no, nor any of the titles which partition us off from one another; but where you will discover only corruption and the worm, only dust and decay, bringing us all down to the same level." Had the Dorian poet begun with such an analogy, he would have developed it into a Pythagorean or Platonic close, in which fate, and goodness, and divine justice would triumph. Pindar, it must be recollected, was a priest; and his strains have an air prophetic and mystic. As a brave Dorian, he was by habit a liberal Conservative, upholding legitimate and righteous power, but patriotically striking his harp against foreign dictators and aggressors.

The vigour of Chiabrera's translation of some of Pindar's Odes into Italian and the beauty of Carey's Englishing of the poets are better known, we dare say, to our classical readers, than the attempts to render them into French. With the twelfth Olympic, M. Villemain tells us that the Abbé Massieu some time ago experienced a curious difficulty. The Ode is addressed to Ergoteles, "the conqueror in the double race," and may be entitled an Ode to Fortune. Ergoteles, it appears, was a Cretan, whom faction had expelled from his native city of Gnosus, where he had languished in what M. Villemain terms "*les querelles obscures d'une petite démocratie*." The apparent reverse of fortune, however, proved advantageous to the hero. He gained a crown at Olympia, and two crowns at Delphos and on the Isthmus, and was ultimately able to repair leisurely to the warm baths of Sicily, and there to bask, like a conqueror, on those sunny plains. Besides the obvious difficulties of idiom, the Abbé Massieu was perplexed by a rather mean comparison which Pindar had employed to illustrate the early condition of Ergoteles. He had compared him to "a cock fighting at home" (*ἐνδομάχης ἄν' ἀλέκτωρ*). "I could not dare," says the translator, "to use such a term as 'cock,' which would produce a bad effect in French, and would blemish the finest Ode in the world." Still "we must not, on that account, be prejudiced against Pindar," though it be true, as he tells us, that the domestic fowl "has only the straw for the theatre of his exploits." There is a French poet, at present, who, M. Villemain tells us, would not experience such a difficulty upon this Ode of Pindar's. The voice which half-a-century ago sang of the conqueror of Europe,—the eagle,

qui abattu et captif  
Manque d'air dans la cage, où l'exposent les rois,  
might render the expression literally, and, instead of resorting to so lofty an epithet as eagle, might speak of that homely bird which the more polished Abbé did not dare appropriate.

The remainder of M. Villemain's Essays touch lightly and gracefully on the minor Greek poets, Alceus, Simonides, Stesichorus, Alcinoüs and Tyrtæus, and pass on to the lyric poets of Rome, Italy, France, and Scotland.

## NEW NOVELS.

*The Semi-Detached House.* Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis. (Bentley).—The *Semi-Detached House* is to a novel what a farce is to a genteel, five-act comedy of the legitimate branch. It is very amusing, light, bright, and written with a good temper that must disarm the most critical reader. This good humour makes it pleasant reading. Everything falls smooth and comfortably, —never was a tangled skein so pleasantly wound off. Everybody is made happy; even the magnificent swindler, Baron Sampson, and his still more magnificent wife, are allowed to escape from their creditors, and are dismissed to a competence abroad. As to the good people, Virtue must have been breaking up school for the holidays, and distributing rewards to all her pupils—"the good time actually come! Such lovers and husbands, good livings, good appointments, and pleasant things happening to everybody, never fell out since the good old days of wishing-caps and fairy godmothers! The book is decidedly entertaining; the only pity is that it is too good to be true.

*Millicent Neville: a Novel.* By Julia Tilt. 2 vols. (Booth).—This is a romantic novel, of the Minerva Press school, with plenty of incident, if not much sense. For sea-side reading it is not without a certain power of amusement; but for any likeness to real life and character, it might just as well be peopled by a detachment from Madame Tussaud's wax-work. The heroine is a model wife, all grace, beauty and excellence; her husband is fascinating—"clever, but wrong"—who, on their return from their wedding journey, takes the earliest opportunity to present his old mistress to his young wife, and to desire them to make friends of each other! The story in its progress unconsciously trenches on some of the punctualities of decorum; and there is a coarseness and cynicism in treating certain points of morals and manners which is rather startling. The heroine is reduced by a stroke of misfortune, in a single day, from affluence to poverty and obscure lodgings; she has also to take a short journey in a Chelsea omnibus!—which last indignity of cruel fortune is not only pathetically lamented by the authoress, but is lyrically recognized by all the passengers, who vie with each other to testify their sense that a coach and six would better befit her merits. At last, however, her husband is reformed, and then killed, and she is restored to her high place in society; marries a man who has been faithful to her ever since she refused him, and lives happy ever after. 'Millicent Neville' cannot be called wise or clever; but it is a readable book under stress of weather and want of amusement.

*Frank Elliott; or, Wells in the Desert.* By James Challen. (Philadelphia, Challen & Son).—This is an entirely sectarian story, upon the necessity of being immersed in running water in baptism to obtain the efficacy of the sacrament. To all who remember the collision of opinion in the Gorham case, in which the Law and the Gospel came to blows about "prevenient grace," the question will be suggestive of anything but the refreshment set forth in the second title of this work. These "wells in the desert" are dry, and never were deep. For readers of the Baptist persuasion the work may have both interest and conviction; but for the general and indifferent reader there will be weariness to the flesh and spirit, for a more dry, dogmatic, inconclusive book it has never been appointed to us to read.

*The Dudleys.* By Edgar Dewsland. (J. Blackwood).—The *Dudleys* is a melancholy book,

written with a premeditated attempt at being clever and funny; it is dull and vulgar. The story, what there is of it, is absurd, and is not redeemed by being in the least amusing.

*Some Years After: a Tale.* (J. H. & J. Parker).—This is a book of the Miss Young and Miss Sewell school, but written without the peculiar grace and talent of those ladies. The style is feeble, and the tale not very interesting to readers accustomed to more generous fare. It is meagre and rambling,—the history of schoolfellows and their friendship and companionship in after-life. It is a perfectly harmless book, and may "circulate in the bosom of families," or anywhere else, without disturbing the even current of any gentle soul who may read it.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Twenty Years in the Church: an Autobiography.* By the Rev. J. Pycroft. (Booth).—A year or two ago we chanced to meet an architectural man of decided oddity, who was engaged upon a decidedly odd work. Histories of cathedrals and cathedral remains being numerous, and the historians more or less rewarded with fame, it had occurred to our acquaintance to cultivate obscurity by memorizing churches that were in no way remarkable. "Whenever," said he, "I heard of a church that was not celebrated, I made a point of visiting it, studying it, and extracting, so to speak, all the latent obscurity out of its stones. In this way, at considerable cost and much personal trouble, I have amassed material for an important national work, completely illustrative of the ecclesiastical condition of England. Remarkable churches I have studiously avoided, unimportant churches being my prevailing hobby; and if my history be valuable at all, it is simply valuable as the only history of the obscure ecclesiastical buildings of the country." A real history of the lives of the working men attached to these buildings would, if it ever could be collected, surprise us with its details. There would first be the early stage of ecclesiastical embryo, when the incipient man is what is termed "intended for the Church"; then the second stage, when he is already in the Church, and is beginning improperly to catch at whatever he sees, not to distinguish a bishop with a smile, nor to scan the distance of ecclesiastical objects; then the maturer middle stage, when he has perpetually to contend with, rather than for, the Church; and the latest stage of all, when he sinks either into the dignitary or the pluralist, or lives on, *sans patron, sans bishop, sans benefice, sans anything*. The author of the entertaining volume before us, being a clergyman of the Established Church, has perhaps done wisely in presenting us with sketches of ecclesiastical persons and things, but omitting to call them by their usual names. "Real persons and scenes" have been before him, but in some parts he has been obliged to resort to new combinations to spare private feeling. This will enable everybody to be interested in the book. High Church and Low Church persons,—dignified and undignified,—the superior and inferior order of clergymen may each be amused at each other's portraits,—and if not a vast deal of good done, a pleasant half-hour spent over Mr. Pycroft's book.

*The Rose and the Lotus; or, Home in England, Home in India.* By the Wife of a Bengal Civilian. (Bell & Daldy).—This is a very excellent book for young people, who want to have a quiet peep at India, and know something of the way in which the Upper Five Hundred live there, and wed, and are wedded. It is full of good moral and religious sentiment, and is a more than safe volume for young ladies. The heroine is an impulsive, but by no means unmanageable girl, who thinks herself worse than she is, falls half in love, before she knows what love is, with a transcendental cousin, in whose family her father—a Bengal civilian—has placed her until she is old enough to join him, and finally goes out to Calcutta, marries a civilian, and writes 'The Rose and the Lotus.' We do not think it worth while to dissect the tale artistically, and show the weak points and the more promising features by a careful analysis. It is to be hoped the authoress has better things to do than to write mediocre stories, which can never have but a very limited circulation. In a quiet lady's life, the



XUM

tower, its green fields, its motionless lake, and grassy island in a haze of sunshine, and climb the hilly way leading into Cumberland. Not a human sound is in the air, the click of the Grasmere smithy, and the bustling hiss of the groom at the Swan have long died away. When we have unhooked the chain of the gate opening into a rustling cornfield on our right, and have passed the long grey farmhouse under a clump of pines and sycamores, we shall be alone with clouds and shadows and babbling rills. This is just such a mountain stream as a Greek would have loved, tumbling and brawling as it does from rock to rock, between high banks and ferns, slopes shadowed by ancient oak and ash trees. We take out our Theocritus, and think how Chapman translates for us a passage or two out of the First Idyll.

Sweet is the music which the whispering pine  
Makes to the murmuring fountain.

The Greek word is *pothurisma*,—a word that admirably expresses the soft sibilant swaying, and, so to speak, the curtsying of the boughs. The Latins have caught a little of it in *suavissus*, and the Northerners in "sough," though this last has a wailful, melancholy sound.

Sweeter thy song than yonder gliding down  
Of water from the rock's o'erhanging crown,—

—a calm, graceful Greek picture; but the sun is growing hot, and we will get under the shade.

Come to you elms, into whose shelter deep  
Afront Priapus and the Naiads peep  
Where the thick oaks stand round the shepherd's seat.

If we wish for a bit of Doric humour, we must turn to the Fifth Idyll:—

Lambs! from the fountain, do you not perceive  
Comatas,—who my pipe did lately thief?  
Comatas. What sort of pipe? When, slave of Sybaris,  
Didst own a pipe? Are you not fain to his  
Still through a pipe of straw with Corydon?

—as, alas! so many besides Greek poets are constrained to do; yet the shepherd will not own to a musical larceny:—

No! No! by the shore-guarding Pan I swear,  
Or from that rock into the waters deep  
Of Rapid Crathis may I madly leap.

That very boiling pool below us. A Greek poet only gives us a hint of height and depth—he never goes into detail, as our later poets; nor gives us such a Doric enumeration as Burns does; for instance:—

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,  
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;  
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays,  
Whyles in a wild it dimpl't;  
Whyles glittered to the mighty rays  
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;  
Whyles cockit underneath the braes,  
Below the spreading hazel,  
Unseen.

That last epithet shows the poet. Burns had a keener eye than Theocritus, and infinitely more feeling; but he cannot picture as the Author of the 'Endymion' would this very bank, with its leaves, and flowers, and insects:—

So that a whispering blade  
Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee bustling  
Down in the blue bells, or a wren light rustling  
Away serene leaves and twigs, might all be heard.

Keats, too, will tell us the best and a very loving way of getting into the light again:—

Along a path between two little streams,  
Guarding his forehead, with her round elbow,  
From low-grown branches—and his footsteps slow  
From stumbling over stumps and hillocks small,  
Until they came to where these streamlets fall  
With mingled bubblings and a gentle rush  
Into a river, clear, brimful and flush  
With crystal mocking of the trees and sky.

How far the noise of the city seems away; and yet, according to Dr. Davy, the wind blows city particles hither, though we are sixty or seventy miles away from any great town! The fleeces of those fell sheep seem white and pure enough, but examined under the microscope they would very likely be found to be impregnated with particles of soot; so that not only must we not seek among independent electors but not even among sheep for images of purity. Happy the unscientific man, who knows not what he eats or drinks, nor wherewithal he is clothed! And that reminds us of a certain flask, from which we may draw comfort. Curds and cream are the proper things in a pastoral country; but in the absence of these, Geissenheimer may be endured on a summer day. We will have a look

at the six or seven ridges of hills, and catch the fresh sea air on our cheek before we descend into the valley. Yonder rise the blue fells overhanging Borrowdale;—there is black Wetherlam,—and beyond the Grey Friars—and the steep scarp of the Carrs, and Conistone Lake; and shining beyond it an arc of Morecambe Bay. We will lie down on the turf, and listen to a song of Moschus:—

When on the wave the breeze soft kisses flings,  
I rouse my fearful heart, and long to be  
Floating at leisure on the tranquil sea;  
But when the hoary ocean loudly sings,  
Arches his foamy back and spooming swings  
Wave upon wave, his angry swell I flee.  
Then welcome land and sylvan shade to me,  
Where, if a gale blows, still the pine-tree sings.  
Hard is his life whose nets the ocean sweep—  
A bark his horse—ah! fish his slippery prey;  
But sweet to me the unsuspicious sleep  
Beneath a leafy plane—the fountain's play  
That bubbles idly, or whose tones, if deep,  
Delight the rural ear, and not affray.—

A home at Grasmere, in fact, rather than a life on the ocean wave on board the Great Eastern—though we should not dislike a trip with the great vessel. However, it is time to descend. Grasmere is beginning to look, as it ever does, lovely in the sunset: the sky is heaving more and more golden above Silverhow, the mist will soon steal upward from the Rothay, and creep over the lake, the churchyard, and the village—we may think of the view from the Red Bank, on which we hope no enterprising person will ever lay out a tea-garden—we will think also how fortunate some men are in not surviving their age. Wordsworth could scarcely have been happy had he known there was to be an auction at Rydal Mount; or that the books which his early friends gave him would have fetched so little; or that his house was to be turned into a lodging-house; and those who loved him churlishly refused admission into the grounds.

T. B.

#### WATER-GLASS.

OUR statements on the subject of Water-Glass have brought us a good deal of correspondence, some part of which we may profitably use at a future time. The following notes on one of the geological bearings of the discussion have an immediate interest:—

"Upper Holloway, August, 1859.

"The interesting articles that have lately appeared in the *Athenæum* upon water-glass have afforded what I believe to be the solution of a difficult problem—viz., the formation of 'Beekites' (so called from the late Dr. Beek, Dean of Bristol, who first drew attention to them), and for which I beg the favour of a small space in your columns.

"As from the very limited distribution of these quasi-fossils many of your readers may not be familiar therewith, I will, by permission, in the first place briefly describe these from my own observations and chemical analyses, referring those who may desire further particulars to a paper by Mr. Pengelly, read at the meeting of the British Association, at Cheltenham, in 1856.

"Rambling last autumn upon the rocks of Livermead Head, in Torbay, I found objects which I at first supposed, from their external character, were fragments of fossil madreporæ. Upon closer inspection, however, their difference was obvious. The Beekite is not exactly a fossil, but an incrustation of chalcedony upon a nucleus of coral, and occasionally, but rarely, upon fragments of limestone. The chalcedony is deposited in concentric circles around minute tubercles. These are very sharply defined in the Beekites that are freshly dug out of the cliff above high-water mark,—but if picked up on the beach, or taken from the cliff where tide-washed, they are smoother and have lost much of their peculiar features. In size the Beekite varies very much; I have found many of the size of beans. I have a very beautiful specimen as large as a fist, and another less perfect nine or ten inches in length. Mr. Pengelly has found them of a foot in diameter. Their form is irregular; most commonly they are more or less round. They take their shape from the fragments of coral upon which the chalcedony has been deposited, and which having become more or less decomposed and disintegrated the chalcedony forms a kind of shell or case inclosing its remains. The coral within is

found in various stages of decomposition, in some filling the interior, in others nearly so, allowing so much movement that when shaken the contents may be heard to rattle; in others the coral is so completely broken down that only a powder, consisting of the carbonate of lime and some brown particles of organic matter, remain. The interior of the silicious shell has often the markings of the original coral; in the majority of the specimens which I have examined the interior has been simply irregularly modulated or granulated.

"Having submitted a Beekite weighing 1,040 grains to chemical analysis, I obtained the following results:—Carbonate of lime, 470 grains; chalcedony, 540; peroxide of iron and alumina, derived from the red conglomerate whence it was taken, 5; carbonaceous matter, residue of animal matter of coral, 25 grs.

"A very remarkable feature in the history of Beekites is, that they are not found in the rocks beyond Torbay, and that they are most abundant in limited portions even of that district—*e.g.*, Livermead and Paignton. Mr. Pengelly has searched other beds of conglomerate throughout Devonshire, and has not met with them elsewhere. I searched the cuttings of the new Dartmouth Railway without success. It was stated during the discussion at the British Association, that true Beekites had been found in Australia, on the banks of the Nerbuddah in India, in the north of Scotland, and near Lidcot in Somersetshire. They have been, however, but few in number and very sparsely scattered. That they should be thus scarce and local is certainly a very curious circumstance. The shore and cliffs of Torbay consist of the conglomerate, or ancient beaches, formed from the New Red Sandstone; among the fossils of which corals predominate. Fragments of coral may often be found without the silicious crust of chalcedony. Other fossils, it may be observed, are scarce in the conglomerates of Torbay.

"The problem offered by these objects was, how they could have obtained their silicious crust, lying, as they do, in a conglomerate of a loose character, free from silicious cement. It is clear that the crust of chalcedony must have been deposited *in situ*; otherwise, the Beekites would present the evidences of water-wear, equally with the pebbles of the conglomerate in which they are found. Doubtless, as Mr. Pengelly suggested, the coral was in a state of decomposition before the deposition of chalcedony commenced. Still it remained a puzzle to account for the presence of silicious matter on these fragments of coral, to the exclusion of the surrounding fragments of rock. The difficulty, it appears to me, is got over by the recent researches upon soluble silicates. In the report of the Commission of the French Academy of Sciences [*Athen.* No. 1653], it is suggested that flint-stones, agates, petrified woods, and other silicious infiltrations owe their formation to a slow decomposition of alkaline silicate by carbonic acid. Mr. Ransome, in a later communication, states that the presence of a chloride renders still more certain and durable the silicification. We have, then, thus placed before us precisely the conditions under which Beekites would be formed. Fragments of coral, broken by the waves and deposited with the beach, now constituting rocks of red conglomerate, would retain a certain proportion of chlorides,—while their decomposition would liberate the carbonic acid, which would separate the alkaline constituent of silicious springs, and cause the deposition of silica upon the nucleus of coral. That a similar silicious deposition is not found upon the surrounding deposit is satisfactorily explained by the non-liberation of carbonic acid from the pebbles, into the composition of which its elements did not enter. This view is strengthened by the fact of the non-silicification of the nucleus itself, the silicate being arrested on its surface by the escape of carbonic acid. Furthermore, where chalcedony presenting the Beekite characters has been found upon stone, it has been limestone, from which it is possible carbonic acid may have been disengaged at the time of deposition. The characters of chalcedony as presented in Beekites, moreover, approach very closely to those of the silicious incrustations of the Geyser springs in Iceland. W. B. KESTEVEN, F.R.C.S."



## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Florence, August 15.

THE solemn opening of the Tuscan Chambers, on Thursday, the 11th, was announced in the stillness of early morning by boom of cannon and clang of bells, the great old bell of the *Signoria*, whose office for more than three centuries has been a sinecure, thundering out its Lablache rôle in the concert.

The newly enrolled National Guard, to swell whose ranks numbers of the young nobles came hurrying up from the sea-side or from their distant villas on the occasion, took a very respectable part in the pageant, and Mass was sung and the whole city was a-blaze with banners, and Baron Ricasoli opened the Assembly with an address well fitted to the occasion, waking up the astonished echoes of that magnificent *Sala dei Cinquecento*, with long unwonted words of unity and freedom. Then through the long burning day every shop in Florence was closed, and crowds in gala dresses and with gala faces poured through streets and squares and thronged the cool Cascine in the evening; and lastly, the tired city went early to bed,—all as had been foreseen a week ago.

The sittings of the Chambers on the Friday and Saturday were necessarily taken up with verifying the returns of the Members and other preliminary business, and the outside public, gathering in eager knots at street corners or on *café* steps, impatiently discussed the likeliest day for the bringing on of the motion for the decadence of the *Babbo* and his family, which was to inaugurate the deliberations of "the House." Not a few of the rapid talkers and earnest listeners regretted the longsome forms which yet delayed the all-important motion, and here and there a stray *Codino* perked up his drooping pigtail, and grimly chuckled out, "Aha! they're trying to put it off! They dare not lay hands on the ark, the rascals!" On Saturday afternoon, however, a scene occurred which had not been foreseen either by liberals or retrogrades. The President had announced that on Tuesday, the 16th, the Assembly would meet for the transaction of business of great importance, both Sunday and Monday being *dies non*, owing to the *feast of the Assumption* occurring on the latter. There were not many persons that day in the places reserved for strangers, and they were just taking hat and cane to make their exit from the hall, when all of a sudden, "up and spake" the Marchese Ginori Lisci, asking permission to present a bill for the declaration of the decadence of the Austro-Lorenese dynasty. The President gave orders to the Secretary to read the bill there and then. It contained a few telling and simply worded sentences, briefly embodying the reasons why the return of the late dynasty, without danger of continual dissensions and fresh causes of disturbance to Italy, was totally impossible, and proposing the passing of an act which should for ever exclude them from the throne of Tuscany. The President, before sending the bill into Committee, inquired whether it were seconded by any Member of the Assembly. Now the sign of assent is always given here by standing up, and no sooner had the President spoken than, as if moved by a spring, the whole Assembly rose to their feet, not one remaining seated, and despite the strict orders given for silence on pain of expulsion, among the visitors, these latter burst into an irrepressible passion of Vivas, startling the passers through the Square below into sympathetic enthusiasm. So on Tuesday, the debate on this first important question will come on as a prelude to that of the fusion with Piedmont.

And now, à propos of the Marchese Ginori, a thoroughly liberal and patriotic Tuscan noble of large ancestral possessions, including the beautiful Ginori porcelain works about six miles from Florence, of which I sent some account to the *Athenæum* not very long ago, I must relate a little episode queerly characteristic of the country and people among whom I write. Some three weeks back a protest (it will be remembered) was sent to the French Government against the return of the ex-Grand-Duke, drawn up and signed by the heads of many of the noblest families in Tuscany,—names such as those of Strozzi, Panciatichi, and Della Gherardesca, and numerous others, among

them this same Marchese Ginori, to the intense horror and hand-wringing of the "immovables" of the aristocracy. And where, do English readers think, were the needful meetings held for the purpose of drawing up this important document, which compromised beyond return the highest families in the State? In one of their own noble old mansions of Via dei Ginori or Borgo degli Albizi? Not a bit of it! The whole affair was begun and ended at the large *Cereria*, or Wax-chandlery, of Carrobi, in Via della Croce rossa, one of the small lateral streets running out of Via Calzajoli. There, in what may be called the *back-shop* (though it is probably a back-shop with lofty coved ceiling, frescoed of old by cunning hands, and inlaid marble floor), they preferred settling the business "*alla buona*" (in homely fashion), as their fathers had done before them; and there it was that the Marchese Ginori fully explained to his friends the circumstances which led to his being appointed Chamberlain to the Grand-Duke a year or so ago, in spite of his declared Liberal tendencies, and those of his mother, the Dowager Marchesa, whose hospitable salons, even before 1848, were the gathering-place of all the Liberals of talent residing in or visiting Florence.

It seems that the Chamberlainship was pressed upon the Marchese by Prince Corsini (then Minister of the Grand-Duke), and that the honour was accepted by him only on condition, first, that he should not be called upon to open the door to the Ministers (part of a Chamberlain's usual duty, it appears, in Tuscany); and, secondly, that he should be free, when in waiting, to speak with the Grand-Duke on the affairs of the country. Both conditions were graciously agreed to, and the Marchese entered on his service. Very few days passed before the new Chamberlain presented to the Grand-Duke a long memorial on the state of various branches of the Administration which sorely needed reform. The paper was received without sign of displeasure, but in silence; and some days later the Grand-Duke asked the Marchese whether the statement were "all his own doing" (*tutta roba sua*), and was answered in the affirmative. That was all he was ever destined to hear, however, of his carefully prepared memorial. About the 25th of April, when the crisis was at hand for the falling dynasty, the Marchese, eager in his well-meaning efforts, like many others of the Tuscan nobles, to save the Grand-Ducal family by wresting from them a tardy concession to the national will, obtained an audience of the Grand-Duke, and tried to offer a word of respectful advice on the dangerous state of public feeling. He was met by the contemptuous reply, "Marchese, you had best look after your china factory, and leave me to manage the State!" So he had nothing left him but to bow himself out with the best grace he could, leaving *Poldino* to manage the State, as he said,—to what purpose all Europe knew some four days later.

In the bill brought in by the Marchese, honourable mention was made of the unanimity of the whole State in the struggle for national independence, and the admirable way in which order and tranquillity had been preserved, even by the lowest classes of society. A curious proof of this assertion was told me yesterday by an eye-witness of the facts related. The Facchini, or porters of the Port of Leghorn, form no inconsiderable portion of the population of the city, and were looked upon, not without reason, in the stormy days of 1848, by the peaceful citizens, as the dangerous class *par excellence*, before whose anarchical violence the whole town trembled. Soon after the 27th of last April, when *Poldino* had left his State literally to take care of itself, a quarrel took place between part of the crews of an English and an American ship, then at anchor in the port, the sailors took to fighting on shore, and the crowd taking part with the Americans (for the English were at that time ill looked on here, and no wonder), the matter threatened to become serious. A dozen *facchini* seeing the fray, rushed off to the American Consul, and my informant saw them with clasped hands, and some of them, "great stalwart fellows," with tears in their eyes, beseeching the Consul to write to the respective captains, or to go on board the vessels if necessary, and entreat them to keep their

men from landing, exclaiming, "At any other time it would matter little, but now.....at such a moment, when order *must* be kept at any cost, when everything depends on this.....only don't let us have disturbances now!"

On another occasion, some weeks later, a Tuscan officer of the line, one of the very few infected with Austrian tendencies, had publicly uttered words of gross insult to the national cause at a *café* in Leghorn. A few *mauvais sujets* of the town had followed him out with the intention of dogging him into some out-of-the-way place, and inflicting summary chastisement upon him. But a few of these same broad-breasted, heavy-fisted *facchini* got wind of the project, and for a whole afternoon they unweariedly followed about the offending officer and his pursuers in scattered groups, lest they should attract attention, till they had seen him late at night safe housed at his lodgings, for "there must be no disturbances now," they said.

Garibaldi is at last in Florence; he is said to have accepted the command of the army of Central Italy. Yesterday he tried hard, but in vain, to preserve his *incognito*, for brave "*Gallibardi*," as the Tuscan lower classes, with their usual transposition of l's and r's, invariably call him, is no lover of noisy demonstrations. He, however, was fairly caught on the Piazza della Signoria in a tempest of enthusiastic welcome, and could only extricate himself at the cost of a short address to his welcomers. He had passed through Leghorn early in the morning, and had only been recognized at the railway station, and as a worthy melon-vender expressed it to his brethren of the market, "Our little man (*il nostro ometto*) went off as quietly as any beggar (*cencioso*). He's wanted up at Florence in case there should be some crack-brained folks there, to set 'em right again!"

In truth, the arrival of the hero of Italian liberty is a terrible blow to our *Codini*, who look upon him pretty much in the firelight of the "*Mucle Dei*" himself.

His taking the command of the troops is a good presage for Tuscany. Another favourable symptom, of a very different kind, is the acceptance of a new loan of thirty millions of *lire*, by a wealthy financier of Leghorn, renowned for his prudence and foresight, and by no means likely to risk his hard dollars in a sinking ship. A third piece of good news is the removal of the guns from the fortress of Belvedere, never more, we hope, to threaten the glories of old, or the liberties of young Florence. The buildings of the fortress are to be razed, and the site made part of the Boboli Gardens. TH. T.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

SCULPTURE is at last secure of a home in England. Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 and the Horticultural Society have finally agreed; and the works at Kensington will be proceeded with as soon as the money is subscribed. Of this there is little doubt. The Council of the Horticultural Society, at their last meeting, accepted the terms as altered by Her Majesty's Commissioners to meet the views expressed at the general meeting of the Society. In our opinion, from what we have heard of the details, the agreement is liberal and fair to both parties, and such as becomes two important institutions acting in conjunction for a great purpose. Nearly 4,000 feet of beautiful arcades will form a noble palace for sculpture (and frescoes), and a noble adornment for the garden,—the greater part open and the rest glazed, and offering both a pleasant and instructive promenade at all seasons. It is a design that the metropolis may be proud of. The people of England may be proud of it, for no shilling in aid will be asked from Government. Of this voluntary aid of 50,000*l.* (in addition to the 50,000*l.* agreed to be expended by the Commissioners on the arcades) there is no doubt. Already the Council have received notice of munificent donations from Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, and of the Prince of Wales and the younger branches of the Royal Family becoming life members,—and 230 other ladies and gentlemen have put down their names and the names of their children as life subscribers, and have also subscribed for debentures

various sums, amounting together to above 20,000*l.*; so that, with donations, life members, and debentures there is already promised above 28,000*l.*

Hoity toity, here is a rub! Mr. Punch is vexed because we write English instead of French—and his rage foams over two columns, beginning with a fresh and happy quotation from Dogberry, and ending with a broad grin, the only laugh that brightens on his page. He is shocked at the idea of any one speaking of an "artist's pencil-case"—mere English words; far better, he thinks, say *porte-crayon*; and illustrates his own superior practice by scraps of Delectus Latin and chamber-maid French. Only fancy *Punch* defending the genius of Mr. Maclise and the merits of his great cartoon in Westminster Palace against the *Athenæum*! The thing has one advantage over most literary feats now done by *Punch*—it is droll. We dare assert that Mr. Punch never heard of this cartoon until he read in the *Athenæum* of its grand conception and powerful drawing. Mr. Punch has imagined the facts as well as the "sneers" about which he writhes. Our old friend must keep his blood cool: the man who churns his bile thins his wit. Let him remember that only the blade of fine temper is capable of a fine edge.

Here are some useful hints to our scientific friends going to Aberdeen:—

"Brawl Castle, Calthness.

"As many of the *Athenæum* readers will soon be journeying northwards, to be present at the Meeting of the British Association, at Aberdeen, I think it desirable to make them aware that if they proceed from London, by the North-Western Railway, they may find difficulty in getting on direct to Aberdeen. The night train, leaving Euston Square, professes to arrive at Aberdeen at 4 P.M. the next day, but in my own case the train was two hours behind time at Perth, and as the Perth and Aberdeen line is an independent undertaking, the passengers proceeding north, who miss the 1 o'clock train are obliged to wait at Perth until 4.15, when a train insufferably tedious, which stops at every station, starts and does not reach Aberdeen until nearly 10 o'clock. How travellers to Aberdeen fare by the Great Northern line I cannot say; but I am assured that the North-Western night trains are generally sadly behind their published time: and it will be easily conceived that great inconvenience will probably arise to those who have not secured lodgings at Aberdeen, arriving there at 10 at night instead of 4 in the afternoon. While my pen is in hand, I may add, for the information of enterprising friends, that a powerful and well appointed new steamer, the *Prince Consort*, runs between Aberdeen, Wick and the Orkneys,—that when the wind is from the south-west scarcely any motion is felt, and that there is magnificent sea-cliff scenery to be seen, and good dredging to be done off the Orkneys. The passage from Aberdeen to Wick averages nine hours.

C. R. WELD."

The neigh and tramp of the iron horse seems so foreign to the haunts of the muses that one receives with surprise a Report from the literary department of a great railway. Yet here is a Report from the Great Western—the most sylvan and poetical, perhaps, of English lines—the pathway to Windsor and Oxford—to the glades of Devon and the Saxon hamlets of Somerset—and a very interesting and successful Report it is. To begin: the Society has a balance at its bankers. More than 3,000 volumes form its library. The classes and lectures are well attended; and, last and best of all, the good understanding between the members and their employers has been ripened in the Society into a real good feeling. We wish the institution an increasing success.

Mr. Scharf writes in explanation:—

"National Portrait Gallery, 20, Great George Street, Westminster, August 10.

"I readily avail myself of an inquiry which appeared in the *Athenæum* of last week to offer, through your columns, some explanation of the long delay which has occurred in the appearance of my projected work on the Manchester Exhibition. I beg in the first instance to assure your Correspondent, and all who may take interest in the undertaking, that I have by no means relinquished

my 'Permanent Record of the Manchester Exhibition,' and that, on the contrary, the work is steadily advancing. The continuous demands on my time and care as Secretary and Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery have in a great measure precluded my attention to other objects: indeed, when the appointment was first conferred upon me, it was impossible to foresee the amount of work, both by pencil and pen, which has since become involved in the duties of the office. Had I been at all aware of the increasing nature of those requirements, I would certainly not have undertaken the responsibility of the publication above alluded to; but the interest shown towards it by numerous subscribers, and the constant hope of finding additional moments of leisure, have maintained me in my determination to pursue the work, and even to collect still further materials. Since the closing of the Exhibition, important facts have come to light regarding many of the pictures; and I purpose to complete the 'Record' as far as possible by including in it a notice also of those particular instances where paintings have passed by public sale into different hands during the last season. I have also re-examined and obtained much additional information respecting many of the pictures in their own homes; and I trust that the further accumulation of matter will only tend to render the volume more worthy of the object which I have always had in view; namely, to produce an elaborate and trustworthy collection of facts that may truly serve as a work of permanent reference. Notwithstanding these additions, the cost of the volume will remain unchanged to subscribers, and I confidently hope that, by availing myself of the leisure afforded during the present autumn, I may yet be enabled to issue the work in sufficient time to serve as a gift-book for the New Year. I am, &c. GEORGE SCHARF, Jun."

In the debate on the state of the copper coinage, Mr. Gladstone said, very truly, that a great deal of it was in a very bad condition. "He had a specimen of one of Her Majesty's pennies, and there appeared round the edges 'Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper,' post free," and on the other side some equally interesting announcement. A great deal of the copper coinage had been investigated, and the result was that a large portion of it was found to be very old. Rather more than one-fifth was of dates between 1797 and 1805. It varied in weight, and although the practical inconvenience was not great, because the public were familiar with it, yet if an old and a new penny were shown to persons unacquainted with them, no one would ever dream that they represented the same value. The old penny was worth nearly half as much again as the new one. The old penny was coined at the rate of 16 to the pound, and the lightest of the new was 26 to the pound. Only 15 per cent. of the copper coinage was since 1852. The whole value of the copper coinage was 800,000*l.* and the quantity of copper was 3,530 tons. Taking the copper at 107*l.* 10*s.* per ton, the actual value was only 379,000*l.* so that the copper coin was a pure token, the intrinsic value being less than one-half the nominal or apparent value. He believed it was capable of great improvement. It was exceedingly heavy, and the metal was not very agreeable handling. It communicated a smell, and it was very easy to substitute a metal more convenient. The new copper coinage would not affect any question of the currency or computation; it would leave all such matters exactly as they were; nor would it have anything to do with the decimal system. If we only substitute for the present coin pieces harder, more convenient, and more agreeable, he did not doubt the public would have equal confidence in them. The effect of improving the copper coinage will be to produce a largely increased demand for it. The metal proposed to be used for the new coins was bronze: it contained four parts of tin and one part of zinc to ninety-five parts of copper, which was increased in hardness by the alloy. The new coins would be much lighter than those in present use; the change of metal would enable them to be made much thinner in proportion to their superficies, and their intrinsic value would not be more than half that of the present coins. The quantity of copper now coined into 26 of the old pence would make 45 of the new ones. If the 3,500 tons of the old cop-

per were called in and re-coined, the profit would be about 92,000*l.*; but if there was an increased demand for the new coin, to the amount of 25 or 30 per cent., that would leave a considerable profit on the operation. One great advantage of the new coin would be its superior durability." The whole measure is, we doubt not, wisely conceived, and certainly the actual state of the copper coinage is far from satisfactory. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a reply, gave it as his opinion that there was very little life left in the decimal system; and Mr. Hubbard stated that the House, by accepting the new copper coinage, virtually decided against the decimal system. The wish was father to the thought in both cases. Every Government dreads, not only decimal coinage, but all measures of internal improvement which have no direct reference to party questions: and a body so overworked cannot be blamed. As to the idea of some new penny, of a different metal, affecting the decimal question, it is the error of a person who does not understand it. What does it matter, as to any real or presumed difficulty of introducing decimal coinage, whether the new measure finds the penny of the old system, or the four-mil piece of the new, made of pure copper, or of copper mixed with four per cent. of tin, and one per cent. of zinc?—The state of the decimal question is now as follows. Lord Overstone and Lord Montagu differing entirely, Lord Montagu retired from the Commission and refused to join in the Report. Lord Overstone, drawing Mr. Hubbard after him, made what he called the final Report of the Commission, in terms adverse to the decimal project. The war has prevented this document, with its accompaniments, from attracting much notice as yet: for ourselves, we reserve the consideration of it until the approach of the next Session of Parliament. The retirement of Mr. William Brown from the House of Commons, caused by age and ill-health, has deprived the cause of an able leader: but there is no fear of its being allowed to drop. If Sir John Bowring should find a seat in Parliament, there is no doubt of his taking up the subject with which he is so thoroughly acquainted, with all the energy of his character.

The German inhabitants of Moscow have resolved, for the celebration of Schiller's centenary birthday, 10th of November, 1859, to found a Schiller Scholarship, with a yearly stipend of 600 rubles in silver, for which sum a German, but subject of Russia, and student at the University of Moscow, is to travel abroad. Besides this, the Moscow Germans will present the little town of Marbach, in which Schiller was born, with a bell, like in form to the celebrated bell of the Kremlin, with emblems referring to the well-known poem, forming thus an illustration of no common kind.

The town of Ghent is about to erect a monument to Ruwaert van Artevelde. It will stand on the market-place.

The house, No. 26, Königstrasse, at Hamburg, which, as a marble slab on it informs us, was for thirty years the habitation of Klopstock, the author of the 'Messiah,' has received an additional ornament in a well-executed bust of the poet.

A friend, whose initial, affixed to his communication, will be sufficient for the initiated, sends us some remarks on a volume which was put up by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson on Monday, the 15th inst., after the sale of M. Libri's collection, and said to contain the original designs by Hans Holbein for the celebrated 'Dance of Death':—"It has been successively in the collections of Bockhorst, a painter of eminence and pupil of Jordaens; of Crozat, the well-known collector; Counsellor Fleischmann, of Strasburg; Mehel, the artist of Basle, who engraved them; of Prince Galitzin; and of the Emperor of Russia. On a careful examination of the drawings, there are two or three circumstances which create a doubt of their originality, and lead to the conclusion that they are copies from the woodcuts. For instance, on No. 36 of the series, 'The Duchess,' where Death is represented dragging her from her couch, the monogram HL is introduced on the bedpost, as it is in the woodcut,—these being the initials of the artist Hans Lutzellberger, who is stated to have cut the whole of the wood-blocks

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from Holbein's designs for the 'Dance of Death,' printed in 1538. Surely this would not be found on the original design by Holbein. Again, though there are no marginal lines surrounding the drawings, and though the paper on which they are done leaves ample room for the introduction of the feet, and other portions of the figures, which from necessity are omitted in the woodcuts, owing to the want of space, they being of one uniform size, yet the copyist carefully confines his labours to what has been before him, and introduces nothing which is not found in the woodcut. This is particularly palpable in the drawing numbered 4, which is No. 40 in the woodcuts, 'Death and the Swiss Soldier.' It is a question whether all the drawings in the book are by the same hand. By far the largest portion of them are executed with the pen, with considerable skill and nicety, having the appearance of being by the hand of an engraver, possibly by one of the family of Wierx, or by H. Goltzius. There are, however, some few washed in Indian ink, more particularly the one numbered 15, 'The Drunkards'; this displays a self-relying power in completing the figures, especially the female in a hat, seated on the right, which is so entirely wanting in those cited before. It has much of the feeling of Rubens. Mariette, in his Catalogue of the collection of Drawings made by M. Crozat, printed in 1741, at page 89, No. 796, when describing the drawings by Holbein, writes,—"Quarante six, *idem*; scavoir, la suite du triomphe de la Mort, qui a été gravée en bois sur ces Desseins; ils sont à la plume, ont autrefois appartenu à Jean Boeckhorst ou Langhen Jan, Peintre Hollandois." This eminent connoisseur, it is presumed, on a more careful examination of the drawings, was induced to change his opinion, for at a later period of his life, when commenting on Walpole's notice of Holbein in his 'Anecdotes of Painting in England,' the first volume of which was not printed till 1762, writes,—"J'ai vu ces desseins dans la collection de M. Crozat. Ils ont véritablement appartenu à Rubens, mais ils ne sont point de lui. Ils ont été faits par un peintre Hollandais, nommé Jean Boeckhorst, qui y a mis beaucoup d'esprit, et ne sont guère plus grands que ce qui a été gravé."—(*Abecedario de P. J. Mariette*, tome II. p. 360. Svo. Paris, 1853.) There are some singular, though not very material variations in the designs for the 'Dance of Death,' engraved by Hollar, which renders it probable that Holbein made a second series of drawings, possibly for Henry the Eighth, the woodcuts being so popular at that time.

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## SCIENCE

*Geology in the Garden; or, the Fossils in the Flint Pebbles.* By Henry Eley, M.A. With Illustrations. (Bell & Daldy.)

A plainly written and unpretending, but carefully considered, little book on Geology, by a country clergyman, is not to be neglected. Not that we credit the geology merely because it comes from a clergyman, but because to love and write about geology accredits the clergyman. Too commonly and confidently has this science been politely or dictatorially proscribed by the priesthood,—so that the Clergy List might sing:—

Why should a clergyman descend  
Such mysteries to comprehend?  
To question and believe a rock  
Might frighten half his female flock,  
And haply all the grandees shock!  
Studies so doubtful, bold, and new,  
Are best for people in the pew.

Such is the feeling of too many of the clergy; but we trust they are now beginning to discern the true bearings of Geology, and to welcome it as an ally to their high calling. Even on the lower ground, that it is a promoter of peace and brotherly love, we strongly com-

mend it to the favour of the cloth. Our favourite science may be the true bond of union amongst the conflicting creed-holders of the Cathedral, the Methodist Conference, the Baptist Union, the Quarterly Meeting, and the Irvingite Church; who may all meet on the common platform of a fossiliferous formation. Everywhere else they would be at daggers drawn—here they would only unsheath hammers. Everywhere else they would be picking quarrels—here they would only pick up fossils. On other grounds they magnify their differences—here they would only magnify their discoveries. On church ground they all take different views of antiquity—here they would take substantially the same. Put a Tractarian and a Dissenter together in the same parlour, and they would be found looking out of opposite windows,—put them into a good quarry, and they will become friends. If you want to harmonize a discordant parish, omit for the present to poll church-rate voters, or discuss grievances and differences, and in place of these introduce a clever geological lecture. Once, when resident in a provincial town where ecclesiastical differences ran so high that the best people could not see each other by reason of party walls, and when they did, were so cross as to cross the street, we resolved to test our theory. We announced and delivered two geological lectures, with numerous illustrations. At the first lecture a little shyness wore off; at the second a friend enumerated among the audience two Tractarians, five Evangelicals, four Independents, three Baptists, four Wesleyans, two Quakers, three Unitarians, and one Plymouth Brother. Of these many had never met before in the same room; but, after the lecture, they came to the table, handled the fossils, discussed them with each other, shook hands with the lecturer, smiled benevolently on all around, and spoke of the happy occasion for a twelvemonth after.

If ever there is to be a union of all good people, at least in our times, we will venture to affirm that its basis must be rather geological than theological. Protestant alliances and Evangelical alliances are excellent projects, but patronize them as you will, they do not take deep root and spread widely. The distinctions of High, Low, and Broad Church are daily dinned into our ears, and even Convocation leads to provocation. Take any set of the best of people you please, and they do not please each other. Not only are there several sects, but there are sects within sects. The Church of England has notorious divisions; the Wesleyan Conference has been nearly shattered by so-called Reformers; the Congregational Union has been divided by a "Rivulet Controversy"; the Baptists have their Generals and Particulars; and even the Friends have foes in their own household. Well, then, try Geology! Why not? Surely people will be ashamed of discordances who have descended into the same quarries, and stood arguing together upon the same stratum. Surely they who together break fossils will never more break heads. They who have found objects of interest in flints will never more strike fire. They who exchange fossils will never exchange frowns. Many an old party-wall might be knocked down by geological hammers,—many a coolness give way to the warmth of geological argument,—many a family feud be forgotten in a morning's excursion amongst the rocks. A productive chalk-pit is the place for explanations, and a good limestone quarry for reconciliations.

The reason of all this is obvious, as regards union of sects. Dissent in theology is a mortal sin; in geology it is venial. Geological disquisition will not, at least in this country, lead to

the dungeons of the Inquisition;—nay, it obliterates the most strongly marked differences of creed. We could cite abundant instances of this within our own knowledge, but will confine ourselves to well-known examples. Take one in old "Stratum Smith," or the "Father of English geology," as he was otherwise styled. If he was professedly anything, he was (as he himself told us) a Quaker, though not of the strictest sect. Well, would Oxford have opened her gates to him as a Quaker? No; but as a geologist, and the earliest maker of a good geological map of his country, Oxford delighted to honour him, and conferred a D.C.L. upon him in his Quaker's coat, amidst rounds of applause. Then there was learned Dr. Pye Smith, who, as an Independent Dissenter, might, for all some people cared, have died in a Hackney gravel-pit, but upon becoming a geologist, he fraternized with Deans and Canons, received an F.G.S., and, finally, an F.R.S., under flattering circumstances. Once more, there was Hugh Miller, a leading and belligerent Free-Churchman. As the journalist of the Free Church, for all the Old Kirk would have heeded, he might have tumbled headlong from Arthur's Seat, or his bones might have bleached upon Salisbury crags; but, as the author of the 'Old Red Sandstone,' he was welcomed in all circles, honoured by Old as well as New Kirk, and complimented in extravagant terms by Dr. Buckland, of Oxford, afterwards Dean of Westminster.

Having, as we hope, demonstrated that in order to re-enter the garden of Eden we must find "Geology in the Garden," we add a word or two on the little book bearing this odd title. A garden is not the place where men would seek geology. There would seem to be little enough of it in the trim paths and plots and lawns everywhere about London. The case, however, is different when you go into the gardens of chalk districts, especially on the chalk coasts, as about Brighton, Ramsgate, and Margate. Thereabouts you see decidedly more flints than flowers, more chalk than crocuses, more rock than roses, and more sand than ranunculuses. A sea-side garden, then, on the coasts of Kent or Sussex, is unquestionably more geological than horticultural. Its very walls, probably, are built of flint pebbles split in halves, and turning their fractured faces outside, so that as you pass along you can read the roughly opened silicious pages, and easily detect imbedded corals, or minute sponges, or only spicules, or perhaps merely some concentric markings like those in agates,—all indicating how the flints have been formed, where they came from when *in situ*, and what Old-World acquaintances they picked up and cherished in lasting friendship. These flinty pages alone would suffice for a volume.

But enter the garden. Two monstrously contorted flints of huge dimensions stand sentinels at the gate. Walk through the garden, and you see flints bordering the parterres instead of box. There are flints, indeed, everywhere; and how the place can be termed a garden at all is unintelligible. Flints of every size and appearance are here; some externally whitened by their chalky cuticle, others black as their own hearts; some jagged and dangerous, others smooth and round. When you walk round, flints and pebbles alternate with sands and comminuted shells. In fact, the geology has the best of it here; for the few starveling stalks and stunted shrubs and weakly flowers betoken the truth that sea air is far more invigorating to men than to flowers,—and that it will sooner restore the roses to pallid cheeks than to impoverished flower-plots. Let us at once, then, give up the botany, and though

we still call the spot a garden, regard it as a geological museum.

Some few of the flints are marked externally by shells and fish-scales, or echini, or the flint itself has filled up the empty shell, which has perished and left the cast. We have casts of the outside or inside of the echini in perfection, or in every stage of dilapidation. The spines, too, of echini are not infrequent, as slender, sceptre-like rods, or as little clubs. These are the larger and easily discernible fossils; but there is in chalk flints a multitude of minute remains of parts of shells, as shell-prisms, and very variously shaped spicules, some like stars, others like pins and needles,—and under the microscope these are seen to be enveloped in almost every chip and fragment. The fossils visible to the naked eye are few indeed compared with those which peep forth under a Coddington lens, and most of which are less in size than the full stop which terminates this sentence. To adapt these to study, you must chip the flints with a sharp blow, veiling your eyes though carefully using them. This process you may pursue in any gravel district, whether in a chalk country or in one where large accumulations of pebbles have been drifted into vast deposits, but where nearly every rounded pebble confesses to the inquiring geologist that its native home is in the flint beds of the chalk. Mr. Eley pursues his researches in his rectory garden in Essex, and so may his readers who reside anywhere in the eastern counties or in drift districts. By following his example, they may obtain an astonishing number of spicules and Foraminifera—those highly interesting microscopical fossils, deriving their name from the holes (*foramina*) discovered to prevail in their shells,—so that in many species the shell is pierced all over, like a cullender.

Having made a collection of such fossils, the questions will arise—Where did all this Essex drift of pebbles come from? How did it travel? What means of conveyance had it? These questions have been earnestly discussed by geologists, and particularly within the last few years. The old theory was, that the boulder drift travelled by water, and was transported by diluvial action. The phenomena observed and recounted in this book militate against that theory; and the recently received and in all probability the true theory is, that glacial action was the transporting cause. The whole matter is well stated by Mr. Eley, in a manner elementary, yet informing. Though the book itself is a specimen of pebble drift, composed as it is chiefly of the observations of eminent geologists, yet it is well worthy of attention, and is more suitable for beginners than works of higher pretensions. We heartily wish it a favourable reception both amongst clergy and laity. There is some geology in every garden, for in all there is soil if not flint; and all gardeners should be geologists.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.  
THURS. Zoological, 4—General.

#### FINE ARTS

*Catalogue of Antiquities, Works of Art, and Historical Scottish Relics, exhibited in the Museum of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, 1856.* (Edinburgh, Constable & Co.)

THIS is an instance of an illustrated catalogue of an antiquarian exhibition which deserves to become an antiquarian classic. It records the "auld world" wonders exhibited at the Archaeological Meeting in Edinburgh, July 1856. It is profusely illustrated with delicate and careful woodcuts, and by several steel engravings of merit. It is, in fact, a sort of antiquarian album or keepsake, and is at once a reminiscence of the Edinburgh meeting,

an incitement to future convocations, and a useful encyclopædic book of reference. The moral that it teaches is, that our national antiquities want classifying and centralizing. If there is no hope, even from the most sanguine men, of ever seeing them united in the national museum, which at present contains relics of almost every country but its own, let us at least hope that some national work may be produced where all antiquities that are worth recording and are useful as types of epochs or transitions shall be engraved and described; at least, let there be some encyclopædia of antiquities which the artist, the historian, and the poet may consult with certainty, as a stock-taking ledger of bygone national art so far as hitherto investigated. At present, the student, and even the full-fledged antiquary, has to hunt about over piles of reports and magazines and catalogues before he can be sure that he knows even half the types of the British chief's gold collar, or half the varieties of form of his flint arrow-heads. Should this be, in a country of so antiquarian a bias as ours? We buy, and buy, and buy—we rake, and rake, and rake,—and yet our history and our archaeology, though perpetually increasing, lies scattered in random and unindexed papers. How can there be any real progress hoped for in history or archaeology till all known papers and all known relics of ancient Art existing, at least in England, are classified and catalogued for reference? A student has gone a great way when he has learnt where knowledge can be got, as Dr. Johnson once said in terser antithesis, when somebody asked him why he seemed to so much enjoy reading the names of books in a friend's library.

To return to the Catalogue, and its special merits. In the first place it contains a dry, but careful, and exhaustive recapitulation of the discussion on the respective authenticity of Mary Stuart's portraits. Like the controversy on her crimes and virtues, it seems, however, never likely to be finished,—in spite even of Mr. Albert Way's astuteness and learning.

A short summary of how the vexed question at present stands may not be uninteresting to our readers. The earliest portrait of this doubtful woman was probably François Clouet's (surnamed Janet), painter in ordinary to Henry the Second. This Clouet was the son of a Brussels artist, and he left a son of the same name, also a court painter, which is confusing. Mary's first portrait is supposed to be that painted by Clouet in 1555, and sent to her mother, Mary of Lorraine, then in Edinburgh. Drawings of this picture, and attributed to the same artist, exist at Castle Howard, and in the Library of Ste. Gèneviève in Paris; but unfortunately Mary was then only fourteen, and these drawings show a grown-up woman,—so they go to the ground. There is at Madrid a picture of her as a child, and one in the Louvre of her in a bridal white dress and dishevelled hair, as she may have appeared in her sixteenth year when she espoused the Dauphin in Notre Dame. Of Mary, or the White Queen, the fair widow of eighteen, there are many portraits and drawings at Paris, and a hideous one at Hampton Court.

Prince Labanoff, a great enthusiast about this Siren of Scotland, thinks no one but Porbus and Janet painted her from six till eighteen, the time of her residence in France; but in 1566 we find in Scotland, among her *valets-de-chambre*, a Jean de Court, a painter, who it is supposed is the same as one of that name who succeeded Janet as royal painter. One thing is certain, that portraits of her were common, for Elizabeth had one, and Mary gave one of herself to ambassador Hatton, and one which she carried about with her went, after her execution, to Elizabeth Curle, and was bequeathed by her to the Seminary at Douai. Walpole's opinion was that the Westminster tomb and the Morton portrait were the only reliable testimonies. The latter was painted when she was a prisoner at Lochleven. Mr. Way says of it:—

"The Morton Portrait has been repeatedly engraved. Chalmers selected it for the frontispiece of his 'Life of Mary,' vol. i.; it was engraved by W. T. Fry for 'Lodge's Portraits,' vol. iii.; and by J. C. Armitage, for Miss Strickland's 'Lives of the Queens of Scotland,' vol. vi. The portraits to which Walpole adverts as copies of that remarkable painting, although they may bear a strong general

resemblance to it, are not precisely of the same type, and they vary materially in treatment and costume. The first, formerly at St. James's Palace, and now at Hampton Court, where it is attributed to Zuccaro, bears an inscription near the lower corner, on the right, with the date 1560, and Mary's age, thirty-eight. It is a full-length, on canvas; she appears standing near a table on which her left hand rests; the right hand holds a rich rosary, appended to an ornament in form of a Greek cross, at her waist. A crucifix hangs on her bosom. This interesting portrait was exhibited by Her Majesty's gracious permission in the Stuart Collection formed in London by the Institute, in June, 1857."

One thing is certain, that in August, 1577, some artist was taking the portrait of the imprisoned Queen, who was then at Sheffield Castle, in the strictest seclusion and in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury. Zuccaro it could not have been, for the painting mentioned seems to have been a miniature secretly executed, and intended to be sent as a private present to the Archbishop of Glasgow. The Hardwick portrait is attributed, but with no great proof, to the Dutchman, Richard Stephens; but portraits of Mary have also been attributed to Holbein, who died in London when she was only twelve years old,—to Titian, who never saw her,—and to Vandyck, who was born exactly eleven years after her execution. Perhaps, after all, most is to be said for the Windsor Castle portrait, which Mr. Way thus describes:—

"The fatal scene in the Hall at Fotheringhay is introduced in the background; above appears an escutcheon of the arms of Scotland, with supporters and banners; there are also Latin inscriptions in letters of gold, setting forth in strong terms the persecution of Elizabeth, the sufferings of Mary, and her devotion to the Catholic faith. \* \* In the Notes to Dallaway's edition of Walpole's 'Anecdotes,' it is said to be a copy by Mytens, made for Charles I., from some old picture. \* \* If Mrs. Jameson's supposition be correct, this portrait may be a copy obtained by James II. from that formerly in the Seminary or Scots College at Douai, to which it had been bequeathed in 1620 by Elizabeth Curle, one of Mary's attendants at her execution. It was preserved in the flue of a chimney during the Reign of Terror, and removed to the English Convent at Paris, whence it was brought to Scotland in 1830; it is now preserved at the Roman Catholic establishment at Blair, and has recently been engraved for Miss Strickland's 'Lives of the Queens of Scotland.' Another full-length portrait, apparently of the same type, according to the description given in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, was in the Collection of the Earl of Godolphin, sold by Christie about 1805. Of the same type, apparently, with the addition of an angelic crown upon her head, is the very interesting portrait to be seen in the south transept of the Church of St. Andrew, at Antwerp. It is the head and part of the bust only, of life size, introduced in the upper part of an inscribed marble monument commemorating two of Mary's attendants, Barbara Mowbray and Elizabeth Curle, who were present at her execution, and took refuge at Antwerp, when Queen Elizabeth, on a remonstrance from King James, permitted the faithful servants of the Queen of Scots to leave Fotheringhay. There can be little doubt that this painting was copied from that before described, bequeathed by Elizabeth Curle to the College at Douai."

When we remember that it was the fashion of Mary's time to wear different coloured false hair (Queen Elizabeth had at one time eighty wigs), we at once see the difficulty of getting at the truth. Add to this party feeling in artists, who being Papist paint her angel, being Protestant paint her devil. Remember, also, that for years it was the custom for artists to paint imaginary portraits of Mary the martyr. How can we place much reliance in a pack of portraits that contradict each other, and do not agree even as to whether the Scotch Dalilah's eyes were brown or grey, or whether her hair was brown or black? Who can forget the gallery of monster Maries exhibited some years ago in Pall Mall? Hear, too, O ye credulous Scots, the following dreadful revelation of the much-puzzled Mr. Way:—

"It has been asserted that Medina, who came to England from the Netherlands in 1686, made a great traffic in portraits of the Queen of Scots. He was persuaded by the Earl of Leven to go to Scotland, where he painted many of the nobility, and died at Edinburgh in 1711. John Alexander, a descendant of Jameson, passed several years in Italy, and on his return to Scotland painted portraits and historical subjects. It is stated that his favourite subject was Queen Mary: a portrait of her, executed about 1710, for Anderson, author of the 'Diplomata,' appears by the painter's correspondence to have been copied from one in the Duke of Hamilton's collection. It is probable that Mary's portrait was repeatedly produced for the Scottish market by James de Wett, the Dutch painter employed, in 1684, to execute the royal series at Holyrood, from Fergus I. to Charles II. (See the Contract, 'Bannatyne Miscellany,' vol. iii. p. 329.) The multiplication of miniatures by Bernard Lens, during the last century, some of which had been painted down as undoubted originals, contemporary with Mary's time, has been mentioned."

Here, at last, baffled and perplexed, we fall back, like other inquirers, on the one small certainty, which not even the most daring sceptic has yet

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impugned,—we mean the Westminster Abbey monument erected by James the First in 1606 to the memory of his mother. In 1612 twenty-five years after her burial in Peterborough Cathedral, the body of Mary was brought to London. Singularly enough, even here much doubt and difficulty exists, and all that is known from the Pell Records is that Cornelius Cave was the master mason employed. It probably cost about 900*l.*; but it is not known whether Powtarn and De Critz, who were employed on Queen Elizabeth's monument, had any hand in Mary's. The monument shows an oval well-proportioned face,—full chin,—strong nose, and well chiselled mouth,—altogether the face, though less masculine, is not unlike Elizabeth's.

The Catalogue carries us through the history of English Art, from the rough flint arrow-heads found in Irish bogs, and from the stone axes dug up in Pictish camps, down to elaborate hawking gloves and lures and Limoges ciboriums. The book is especially strong in examples of early British weapons and cinerary urns. The very earliest and most aboriginal period is indicated by the stone arrow-heads, unbarbed and without tangs. The hammers of hardened clay, the stone axes, with hollows for tying on the hafts; the flail balls, the querns, the stone weights for fishing nets,—the unretted spears, the finer work of the amber and jet necklaces, the spiral torcs, the cable armlets, the bronze javelins, gold collars, and the Runic brooches, with the riband and snake twisted ornaments, such as Hago's men left strewn on the Scottish land at Largs.

Then curious examples of staves and bells, preserved as relics of the early Scotch and Irish missionaries, are given, which show how the mere walking-sticks of the early good men were by worse and later men idolatrously lapped up in gold and jewels and regarded as objects of worship.

The mere history of the discovery of some of these curiosities sounds like a romance. One mace, just such as Bruce might have smote a Bohun with, was found with the blade broken at Bannockburn; then there is a helmet found jammed in a cleft of rock,—a heap of gold Danish ornaments, hidden near a sea cliff,—a splendid torc found in a fox earth in Needwood Forest,—a relic bell found on a mountain,—Chinese seals found in Ireland,—a stone axe found in a sunk canoe in the Clyde. Indeed, there is a poem in every celt and a novel in every old spear-head.

The records of the Pretender are very numerous and specially interesting. Brainless and worthless as that adventurer seems to us to have been, they show the arts with which he used to small presents and tokens to keep up hope in the sanguine hearts of his too faithful and suffering followers.

Few volumes of poems, indeed, contain half as much to rouse and kindle the imagination as this small antiquarian octavo. It shows us the early Briton, at first the blue painted ape-man, striking the deer with his reed tipped with flint, or braining his enemy with his stone mace. Then changing to the chief in the wolf's skin, with the golden necklace and armlets, and the bronze spear in his hand guarding his Druid circle. A century or two, and we see the robed Saxon, with the steel axe, crushing through the stinging crowds of Norman archers. Then comes the Norman, hidden in mail, riding down the Welshmen or trampling from burning town to gory castle. Then on to the two-handed swordsmen who fell in the centre of circles of dead at Flodden,—on quick to the hawking horsemen of Claverhouse, and the buckler-bearers of Culloden.

In these days, when antiquarianism, whether used by the historian, the novelist, or poet, must be used with a minuteness and accuracy such as even Sir Walter Scott never dreamt of, this book is a most useful one.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

##### Why were Academies founded?

A Correspondent writes:—"I am not going to worry your readers by dissertations on that Athenian gentleman, Academus, in whose garden the philosophers who took his name afterwards met,

—nor am I going to discuss the various schools of Art. As for the Italian guilds and *scuolas*, they were more properly religious federations than schools; and just as now a great part of an Academician's duty lies in attending an annual dinner, that costs 300*l.*,—so of old it used to consist in the less selfish, but equally foolish, procession with wax torches on the festival of St. Luke, the patron of painters.

"Much has been written, not wisely, but too long, on the change in the seventeenth century from the Italian system of family tuition to public Academies. It began when Louis the Fourteenth, in 1648, made Le Brun the President of a Royal Academy of painting. In 1769, England, a slow outsider in the race, saw an Academy start from the forcing-bed of intrigue. Spain started in the race in 1752; Prussia in 1699; Austria in 1705. In 1823 Ireland joined the ranks; in 1838, Scotland; and New York in 1805.

"What turned the schools into Academies? When the schools had produced Raphael, Michael Angelo, and all the painters from Giotto to Le Brun, even in England Reynolds, Barry, Hogarth, Wilson, and Flaxman had nothing to do with Academies. What magic then is there in this word Academy? and why from 1648 to the present day, in the latter ages of Art, have they arisen as if they were divine institutions? I will tell you, in the words of a great painter—himself not merely a Royal Academician, but a lecturer on and Professor of Painting—who must have written (for he never quarrelled with the body) not angrily like Barry, or bitingly like Haydon,—and who probably expressed the opinion not only of the best informed artists, but also of the more enlightened thinkers and patrons of his time. Less than an Academician I would not quote, for Fuseli, at the end of his twelve lectures, fiery and redundant, inflated and overdone (which is probably the reason they are still given as prizes to Academy students), says, as if answering my not yet enunciated question:—All Academies 'were, and are, symptoms of Art in distress, monuments of public dereliction and decay of taste.' They were, he says before, less designed 'to promote than to prevent the gradual debasement of Art.' If this be true, that Academies were symptoms of Art in distress, let the symptoms of Art recovering her legs be that she pushes over the Academy, with all its sham, silent Professors of Ancient Literature and Ancient History—its chaplain who prays for no one—its secretary who does not write—and its treasurer, who lays up in the useless hoard the 5,000*l.* collected by the exhibition of unacademic pictures. If Academies were the crutches of sick Art, now Art is well let us light the fire with the hateful reminders of her feebleness and disease.

"Fuseli goes on to say that the very proposal of artificial premiums to excite talent shows that an age is unfavourable to Art; and he adds, killing, 'We have now been in possession of an Academy more than half a century,—all the intrinsic means of forming a style have been at our command,—professional instruction has never ceased to direct the student,—premiums are distributed to rear talent and stimulate emulation,—and what is the result?' Then, speaking of the Academic system of rewards, he says, 'accidental or partial honours cannot create genius, nor private profusion supply public neglect.'

"We have also another opponent (but a less declared one) of the Academic system in Mr. Ralph N. Wornum, Manager of the National Gallery, who must be well acquainted with the Academic system, and how the Academy spends its 5,000*l.* a year. He says ('Lectures on Painting, by the Royal Academicians,' edited by R. N. Wornum, Bohn, 1848, p. 35) that some people think Academies were founded to promote and others to preserve Art. After a little fencing, he says, 'It is a fair question how far either of these purposes has been served:—as to the preservation, perhaps an affirmative may be accorded; but as regards the promotion, it is very doubtful, beyond the creation and preservation of a uniform style of Art throughout Europe generally.' Which mild judgment, being interpreted, means, that it creates an art which is monotonous, injurious, and bad. Mr. Wornum

goes on to say that oral instruction is the only remedy to prevent a class of students, all obliged to copy the same model in the same manner, from becoming in mind and manner alike stunted, puny, dull, and mediocre, for the tendency of Academic education is technical, which is mindless.

"Now, has the Academy encouraged this corrective oral education, which is to destroy the dangerous monotony that makes men as like as buttons? No; the students have Lectures on Perspective once a year, which no one understands and no one listens to unless they are those who by attending can get a step towards the Life School. It is a general belief now among educated men that with a little geometry perspective-laws come by instinct to all really artistic minds. In the autumn there are anatomical lectures delivered by a surgeon, who is generally utterly ignorant of what Art-students want,—who neglects the superficial parts they require for study,—who makes the younger students laugh with dull professional jokes, and confuses the elder with useless refinements. The fact is, that any ordinary anatomical folio will teach superficial anatomy to a quick boy, and anything deeper must be got by dissecting, not by seeing another man dissect. Twice a week, from January to March, come the Painting Lectures, good, but too learned for any but the elder men. To destroy the monotony in other ways, the library is generously opened, in a restricted way, three times a week,—the learned librarian, who gets 80*l.* a year, probably being busy the other days cataloguing. Mr. Wornum concludes his condemnation by summing up and deciding that—'Academies are not necessary to the production of great artists; and that the rise of Academies has been coincident with the decline of Art.' Perhaps some later Wornum may lay it down that the destruction of Academies is always coincident with the revival of Art.

"So this is what the Academy collects 5,000*l.* a year for, and pays 664*l.* a year in salaries for, besides 300*l.* for the useless annual dinner, and the fees to the Hanging Committee, and those granted to members for attending Council meetings, as duty and interest oblige them.

"Our third witness, Dr. Waagen, the great German Art-authority, the Director of the Gallery of Berlin, is a great enemy of Academies. He talks of the 'cold general rule' that deadens natural talent, and explains 'why out of so great a number of Academic pupils so few distinguished painters have arisen.'

"He also complains, with perfect truth, of the injustice of bestowing academic honours, and the profits they bring, upon successful and ephemeral mediocrity. We must quote the words themselves, for they are truer and better than some of the learned Doctor's Art-criticisms. He says:—'They [the R.A.s] attain a preference over all the artists that do not belong to the Academies, which the Academies watch over very jealously, and thus introduce into the freedom of Art an unsalutary degree of authority and interference. It occurs often that a very mediocre artist, of which every Academy counts some few among its members, stands much higher in the state as an Academician than the most talented artist who does not belong to an Academy.'

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—This day week, Saturday, Sept. 3, a private view of the Liverpool Society of Arts will be held. We hear that, in addition to works by Messrs. Duncan, Gavin, Herring, and other native artists, the Exhibition will include several examples of the Düsseldorf school, two by Leu, one by Achenbach, and about twenty others; together with works from other Continental schools, Paris, Belgium, and Bremen.

We have received a mezzotint engraving, published by Cuff Brothers, of Preston, of a portrait of the late Rev. J. Clay, from a painting by his son, Mr. A. B. Clay. It is the work of Mr. J. Richardson Jackson, and is a very creditable performance and a clever reproduction of the portrait of a good and philanthropic man, whose exertions on the subject of prison discipline have made his name mentioned with reverence wherever good men meet. The phenologist will find a good argument here for his belief in the globular prominence of

the forehead about the organ of benevolence. The shrewd, discerning eyes—the close mouth and the full will of the chin are strongly marked, and are unmistakable marks of the man of goodness, charity and action.

The cartoons of Peter von Cornelius, from his earliest works to the last, have been placed together in the Berlin Academy, forming in themselves an exhibition, which will be shortly opened to the public. These cartoons fill several large rooms of the academical building.

The fifteenth day's sale of the Thirsteane House Collections included a number of old pictures—the descriptions and prices of which we append. The sale commenced with—Jacopo Palma, The Holy Family, 160 guineas (Butler).—Albert Cuyt, Count D'Egmont, a whole-length portrait, in a black dress, with hat and feathers, accompanied by a dog, 300 guineas (Eckford).—Velasquez, Don Juan of Austria, son of Philip IV., in armour, hat with red plume, 130 guineas.—Rembrandt, Tobias and the Angel, 175 guineas.—Philip Wouvermans, The Miseries of War, from the collection of Van Lanckeren, of Antwerp, 1,035 guineas (Farrer).—Andrea Sacchi, The Ascension of the Virgin, 200 guineas.—Jacopo Palma, The Holy Family, St. John pointing to the Lamb, 120l. (Colnaghi).—Francis, The Virgin and Child, 185 guineas (Nieuwenhuys).—Nicolo Poussin, Apollo and Daphne, 190 guineas (Farrer).—Giovanni Gentile Bellini, Mahomet II., in a red dress, wearing a turban, painted at Constantinople A.D. 1458, by Bellini, who was sent from Venice to execute the work, 185 guineas (Eckford). The fifteenth day's sale realized 5,300l. The following are the most important lots in the seventeenth day's sale:—Schidone, The Girl with the Hornbook, formerly in the Palace of Capo di Monti, Naples, 405 guineas (Scott).—Sebastiano del Piombo, Lovers Quarrels, said to be portraits of Raffaele and La Fornarina, 150 guineas (Agnew).—Velasquez, Lot and his Daughters, 140 guineas (Eckford).—Giorgione, The Woman taken in Adultery, 300 guineas (Rhodes).—P. P. Rubens, A Lion Hunt, engraved by Soutman and Le Bas, 150 guineas (Eckford).—David Teniers, The Alchemist, 675 guineas (Agnew).—Guercino, Samson and the Honeycomb, 390 guineas (Eckford); the companion picture, Christ and the Woman of Samaria, 505 guineas (Agnew).—Ludovico Caracci, Cleopatra, 150 guineas (Whitcombe).—Giorgione, A Musical Party, exhibited at Manchester, 750 guineas (Farrer).—Carlo Dolci, St. John, 2,010 guineas (Scott).—Benvenuto Garofalo, The Stoning of St. Stephen, 1,530 guineas (Eckford).—Guido, The Virgin, with the Sleeping Infant, 110 guineas (Eckford).—Lorenzo de Credi, The Virgin, with the Infant Saviour, 300 guineas (Farrer).—P. P. Rubens, Christ delivering the Keys of Heaven to St. Peter, in the presence of four other disciples, 460 guineas (Rhodes).—Andrea del Sarto, Charity, figures of life size, 210 guineas (Drax, M.P.). The seventeenth day's sale realized 10,575l. The eighteenth day terminated the sale of this collection of pictures. Among the more important examples was—Murillo, The Virgin, with the Infant Saviour, 200 guineas (Nieuwenhuys). The last day's sale of the pictures and works of Art amounted to 3,750l. Total of the eighteen days, 95,725l.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE vocal music to be now dismissed defies the application of any principle of selection, being as miscellaneous an assemblage of matters, old and modern, sacred and profane, home and foreign, good, bad and indifferent, as we have been called on to deal with.

*Six Songs for Soprano or Tenor.* With German and English Words; the Poetry by O. von Redwitz. Book I.—*The Same.* The Poetry by Lenau, Geibel, Eichendorff, &c. Book II. Composed by Otto Goldschmidt. Op. 8 and 9.—*Three Sacred Part-Songs.* The Words from the Old German, rendered into English by W. Bartholomew and A. D. Coleridge. Same Composer. (Addison & Co.)—Of the Part-songs we spoke when they were performed by Mr. H. Leslie's choir, for whom they

were expressly written. The third, an Easter Hymn, is very good.—The twelve secular songs display delicate taste, and are superior to many modern German vocal compositions because they possess a better *cantilena* than is customary among writers who, *ex proposito*, undervalue, to the point of sometimes positively ignoring, vocal elegance. Vigorous or various they could hardly be. There are certain writers of words for music whose names on a title-page we have learnt to fear; and among these are Von Redwitz and Eichendorff. No doubt their fancies are graceful, and their verse is smooth; but there is a twilight colour and a sickly monotony in their treatment of Love among the rocks or among the roses, as may be—of remembrance, of longing, of home-sickness—so closely resembling no-meaning, that English people more positive and practical must become as tired of their vaporous subtlety as they were of the affectations of the Merrys and Jerninghams, whose weak syrup was offered to us, at the close of the last century, in place of

a beaker full of the warm South,

or a no less invigorating cup of water from Castaly. If marked music is to be built on such words, it must be by some composer either disregarding their faded sentimentality, or else richer in primal melody than Herr Otto Goldschmidt. This judgment, however, will be thought by our German friends pedantic, shallow, and positive. We offer it in defence of the musician. Nos. 2 and 5, Book II., are of themselves charming enough to justify the above re-statement of an old impression. Herr Goldschmidt should, and could, write far better vocal music, were he clearer in his choice of words.

Two specimens are here from Signor Verdi's latest opera, 'Un Ballo in Maschera,'—a *Ballata*, "Volta la terra"—and a *Cantabile*, "Alla vita che t'arride" (Lonsdale).—The former is queer and tormented; the latter is insipid.—"La Mesta Primavera, Romanza," by F. Schira (same publishers), indicate that queerness and torment are increasingly resorted to by the Southern composers who would conceal the fact that the form of Italian melody is well-nigh dried up. If we cannot approve of harsh, startling intervals in a German *Lied*, there introduced under pretext of verbal pungency,—how much more objectionable are they when dragged in, as here, merely to produce the semblance of originality!—Four compositions, "Addio a Roma," "Addio a Lugano," a third adieu, "Ahi! mi si spezza" and *Malinconia*, by Fabio Campana (same publishers), though not particularly new: are more acceptable to us than the above, because they are less affected. The second is, perhaps, the best.—A popular hymn to *Pio Nono*, by *Maestro* Gaetano Magazzari (same publishers), might be put forth in satire. If this—a poor imitation of a flimsy Italian opera march—be the work of a master, what must the productions of his school be? There is hardly an English amateur that would turn out so very poor a popular hymn.

"*Breezes of Evening*," Part Song, by Charles Oberthur, Op. 151 (Wessel & Co.), has pretensions, the accompaniment being elaborately wrought. But unity of style is somehow wanting to it, and the effect does not repay the difficulty. Neither is the cantilena of remarkable grace or value. The "*Vierstinmige Gesänge*"—a selection of miscellanies for part-singers—(Lonsdale) is selected carelessly. To instance, the *bravura*, with a burden that closes the first act of 'Euryanthe,' hardly comes within the designation of "part songs," being rather an opera *solo* and chorus with a florid orchestral accompaniment.—The *Hymn of the Crusaders*, arranged by Dr. Gauntlett, is more legitimate; an old grave melody, not unlike the popular 'Alla Trinità,' skillfully harmonized.—Among other reprints and disinterments issued by the same publishers are "Col Regio Placido," from 'Agrippina,'—an unisonal bass song, forming part of Mr. Rophino Lacy's Handel Series,—also the arch ballad, "A Wealthy Lord," from Haydn's 'Seasons,' published (why we are at a loss to understand) with limping Italian words, by Signor Maggioni.

Two Occasional Hymns, Op. 14, by Edmund T. Chipp, and the Anthem composed for the Confirmation of the Princess Alice, by W. G. Cousins (Addison & Co.), are in different styles of sacred com-

position, respectively creditable to their writers. Of the two, Mr. Chipp is the more ambitious—making perhaps too prolonged exhibition of his known skill on the organ, in the symphonies to his hymns.—To this paragraph may be added announcements—of a "*Jubilate*," by the Rev. J. Green (published for the composer),—and of *Psalmody simplex et selecta* (Tallant & Allen). The latter seems to us neither simple nor select.

*River that in Silence windest*, is a setting, and not a very good one, of one of Prof. Longfellow's lyrics, by Edward Cutler (Lonsdale).—An *Invitation to Brighton*, by Mrs. H. G. C. (Boosey & Sons) could not well be less inviting.—"*Burns's Flowers*," a *Dirge*, by S. music by J. W. (Jewell), is chiefly noticeable for its lithographic title-page.—*Annabel Lee* (same publishers) is a common-place ballad, by R. E. Best.—*Fail me not* (Wessel & Co.), by M. W. Balfe, is one of our popular composer's most careful songs, expressive and agreeable to sing.—*Three Songs*, No. 1, *To Music*; 2, *May Day*; 3, *Farwell*, by E. H. Thorne (Addison & Co.), may be characterized as above the average.—*Speak gently of the Erring*, by William West (Shepherd), is a song well meant as far as the words go, but of no worth as a tune.—*Starry Crowns of Heaven* (Addison & Co.) is one of Miss Procter's thoughtful and original lyrics, set as a duet for two soprano voices thoughtfully and originally, by John Hullah; not equal, however, to his charming and fresh two-part song, *The Starlings*.—*The Murmuring Sea and Sing, Birdie, sing* (Wessel & Co.) are by Wilhelm Ganz: the first is the best.—An elegant canon, *She loves me best of all, and Sleep, dearest, sleep* (Addison & Co.), by Signor Randegger, have merit, the latter particularly; expressly if it be sung with fashioned and quaint words to which it was originally written, as a cradle song.—*The Shooting Star* (Wessel & Co.), by Francesco Berger, like the generality of his music, is elegant, if not very vigorous.

### UNIFORM MUSICAL PITCH.

A timely piece of reading is to be found in a book by M. Adrien de La Fage (Dentu), on 'Tonic Unity and the Establishment of an Universal Diapason,'—being the substance of some letters which appeared in the *Gazette Musicale* in 1856; here republished, with additions and appendical notes. Timely, however, is not synonymous with well-tempered.—M. de La Fage takes that side of the question towards which we lean,—namely, that the attempt at uniformity is less called for than has been stated;—further, that, if fixity be ever so stoutly agreed on, by a Government adopting a report, collected on evidence, attracted by theory—to enforce such fixity is simply impossible. Such are the views which have been suggested again and again in the *Athenæum*,—but they are made somewhat suspicious, on being put forth by M. de La Fage, by the sore and aggressive tone of his glosses and intimations.

Let us, however, group together one or two remarks of interest with one or two comments. These may help to show that dissentients may dissent from conviction, not fractious perversity.—It may be remembered that, on reading that Report of the French Commissioners, which led to the measures adopted by French autocracy, we questioned, not the sincerity of the collectors, but the validity of the evidence. It appears that others, more scientifically competent to speak, have shared our question on the subject. Stress, it may be recollected, was laid in the Report on the comfortable pitch of the Carlsruhe A, a quarter of a tone below that of the Opera at Paris. On this, M. de La Fage remarks,—being corroborated in his caution by M. Aristide Cavallé-Coll, the great French organ-builder (no bad authority):—

It is very possible that the tuning-fork sent, from Carlsruhe, to the Commission may not have been precisely that of the orchestras of the town. In fact, at the last Festival at Baden, directed by M. Berlioz, the Carlsruhe musicians, without the slightest difficulty, tuned their instruments with those from other towns, where the diapason was as high as, or higher than that of Paris; so that there could not have been a quarter of a tone difference. It is not, then, impossible but that the fork sent was simply the *kapellmeister's* own.

Something of the kind had already struck us as



probably, from remembering caprices and accommodations elsewhere, which have no authority in deciding the question. In 1839-40, the visitor who went to Dresden to hear the church music of the Saxon capital was warned beforehand that in the Catholic Church—of which, if we mistake not, Morlacchi was then chapel-master—and where were a Silbermann organ with some choice Italian stringed instruments,—he would hear a diapason nearly half a tone flatter than it was anywhere else—and why?—to accommodate the voices of certain Italian artificial *soprani*—relics of an elder world—who at that time belonged to the choir of the Catholic Church.—One or two other extracts from the comments of M. Cavallé-Coll, as discussed by M. de La Fage, are worth quoting:—

"He," says our author, "disapproves of the use proposed by M. Berlioz of an organ-pipe, as regulating the orchestral pitch of theatres; since nothing is more variable than the tone of an organ-pipe, owing to the change of temperature."

No want of knowledge on the part of M. Berlioz concerning organs will surprise those who are familiar with his writings on instrumentation; but the fact must be pointed out, as indicating the slack and random way in which a subject of such great delicacy as this can be treated by its jurors. A remark or two more are worth having.—

"We conceive," writes M. Cavallé-Coll, in 'L'Ami de la Religion,' "that the real cause of rise of pitch—of which no one will accept the responsibility—is artistic progress, and not the ignorance or caprice of such or such other maker, composer, or instrumentalist. The progress which is accomplished equally in all civilized countries, and the march of which nothing can stop, is here manifested as in science and mechanical art. We habituate ourselves insensibly to the ameliorations which it produces; but, if we look back, we see then the distance which we have passed over."

This is the one practical view of the question. Sumptuary laws (to illustrate by a parallel) do not belong to our time.—*Delia* will spend on her back what *Jemima* puts on her table.—One conductor will have his brilliant fancy;—another, who has been used to "potter an immensity" (as Mrs. Fanny Kemble phrased it) over a flat old organ, will indulge his sleepy notions.—One railway company will carry its express at the rate of forty miles an hour; another (as in Belgium) complacently manage fifteen, and perhaps complain of going too fast. As practically could a normal yellow, red, or blue be imposed on an Academy of Painters to check a Turner *redivivus* in the sun-glare he flings about his 'Rock Limpet,' or an Allston, when he is trying at a 'Uriel' in the sun.—Then, too, as a Correspondent suggested to the Society of Arts, the taste of the modern for brilliancy has been fed and fostered by modern composers, at the instance of those very singers, who, when they become effete, or have not learnt to sing, are the first to complain of it.—It was said to us, the other day, by a master as shrewd as distinguished,—"If you write a song now-a-days, the first change which the singer wishes is his favourite high note put somewhere."

Every mezzo-soprano now-a-days will finish her air on the tone an octave above its original close with a penultimate shake. Signor Tamberlik stings his gratuitous c sharp into the 'Otello' duet, to add effect to Signor Rossini's final phrase;—Madame Miolan-Carvalho ends her Shadow Waltz in 'Le Pardon' on d flat in *alt*, in place of d on the line.—All who *can*, will get up. The waters are out; there is no calling them back. Here, again, is a morsel of evidence, by M. de La Fage, worth weighing:—

"I do not approve," says he, commenting on the passage just paraphrased, "all the developments which M. Cavallé-Coll has given to his ideas; but, like himself, I consider that during the past half-century orchestras have doubled in intensity; that consequently, with the *letting-down* principle, which would take us fifty years back, it would be necessary for the Commission simultaneously to propose the exclusion of those brass instruments which were not employed at that epoch, and which, were the old pitch adopted, could not be properly played now-a-days."

Last of all, comes yet one difficulty more—a difficulty, obviously, of great weight; and not small delicacy:—

"The verification of tuning-forks" [*vide Athen.* No. 1633, p. 25] "brings out many questions. Two or three of these are obvious. \* \* \* What would happen if a skilled verifier, —such, for instance, as was M. Cagniard Latour,—were to examine a fork, officially accredited by M. Lissajous, and were the vibrations not to be exactly accredited? What if M. Lissajous himself, verifying, at some interval of time, the same fork, found different vibrations at different inter-

vals? Better than myself, he knows that such things may happen."

So, too, does Mr. Hullah; whose evidence given—given, too, anxiously, on the side of uniformity, at the meeting of the Society of Arts—was the testimony of a man more anxious for truth than for the St. Martin's Hall *La*. His two identical forks, when exposed to different temperatures, he assured the meeting, became different in vibration. What was more, when fork A and fork B were cooled to the same coldness, the ex-hot fork did not recover its old and cold composure.—The immutability of metallic vibration may be a new question; but we have not found that it has been sufficiently established by the scientific gentlemen who have in this case undertaken a subject the importance of which is far greater to Art than to Science.

OLYMPIC.—This theatre closed its season on Saturday night, with the performance of three pieces that have become popular—'A Doubtful Victory,' 'Payable on Demand,' and 'Retained for the Defence.' Mr. Robson, on this occasion, performed with even more than his usual care, and brought out the part of *Reuben Goldsched* in strong relief. Perhaps, he may have been stimulated by a peculiar motive. They who have the best right to judge of this character, have somewhat vehemently objected to the author's delineation. The Jews have denied the truth of the portrait, and repudiate the supposition that such a Hebrew as that intended to be portrayed ever had a Christian wife. The actor may feel all the more interest in justifying the assumption, and asserting the *vraisemblance* of the character. We may add, that the Jew, as Mr. Robson paints him, looks natural enough.—On the fall of the curtain, Mr. Robson delivered a valedictory address which, in a witty fashion, rendered a *résumé* of the business of the season. Among the most successful of the productions, it named 'Boots at the Swan,' a piece not new, yet destined never to grow old, 'Ticklish Times,' 'The Porter's Knot,' 'Nine Points of the Law,' the 'burlesqued' 'Mazepa,' 'Payable on Demand.' Mr. Robson announced the re-opening of the house "on or about the 24th of September next."

NEW ADELPHI.—'The Wreck Ashore' was revived on Thursday week, the cast on the whole being efficient—*Miles Bertram*, Mr. Billington; *Grampus*, Mr. Stuart; *Jemmy Starling*, Mr. William Smith; *Marmaduke Magog*, Mr. Paul Bedford; *Alice*, Mrs. Billington, and *Bella*, Miss Kate Kelly. Mr. Bedford was great in the Beadle; Mr. Smith vivacious in Starling. The performances at this house continue experimental; and we are yet left in doubt as to the course intended to be taken by Mr. Webster.

PRINCESS'S.—It is now seven years since 'The Wife's Secret' was last acted, and its reproduction as one of the series of closing pieces by the retiring management is rather a welcome event. The play, remaining still in manuscript, cannot be performed by any persons except Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, who during the interval we have named have been otherwise engaged. The success of this production is due to its decided cleverness; however, it is not without grave and serious faults. The plot is transparent; the *dénouement* is anticipated from the first act. The distress is prolonged for an unnecessary act and a half by an old-stage mode, which has been frequently treated with ridicule. The lady had only to pronounce the words, "my brother," or the officer who intruded on Sir Walter Amyot's castle to state the name of the person of whom he was in search, or Sir Amyot himself to ask his name of the officer, and the curtain must have fallen in the middle of the fourth act. That one or more of these things should have taken place was most natural; but the author's object was to exhibit the husband's jealousy and the wife's indignation at the height,—a worthy object enough in itself, but which should have been brought about by more artistic means. The cleverness to which we allude lies in such manipulation of the dialogue, such maintenance of the passion at a climax, that the absurdity of not immediately arriving at a pos-

sible explanation is concealed from the audience. The speeches in which Mrs. Kean expresses the immaculateness of Lady Amyot's virtue, and the enormity of her husband's guilt in coarsely suspecting her of any, are fine examples of dramatic eloquence, and are most powerfully delivered by the actress. Her attitude of itself is a study. The moral sublime was never more grandly reached, or more potently preserved. The final agony was a concerted piece of acting between the husband and wife, that could only have been produced by that perfect previous agreement which such an intimacy implies, and the excellence of which can hardly be exceeded. But the merit of the acting was not confined to the principals. Miss Murray, as *Maud*, was not only good as a chambermaid, but adroitly adopted the alternate manners of saint and sinner as they were wanted, without overstepping the modesty of refined life, and was correspondingly amusing; in obtaining which result she was not unassisted by Miss Chapman, who performed the Page with an elegant pertness, that suited well her slender figure. Mr. Meadows as *Jabez Sneed*, was, of course, capital. Altogether, we were gratified at once more witnessing at this house a performance that depended purely on its acting merits, though perhaps more on the part of the actors than of the author.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The Bradford Festival now over is said to have outdone expectation in that matter so important (yet not all important) on such occasions, the financial receipts,—and thereby to have made an advance towards that permanent establishment which all lovers of good music must desire. The reconsideration of prices of admission and arrangement of seats has thus been proved judicious. Of the engagements we have already spoken. The performance, under the circumstances, could hardly fail to be superior, though claiming no report in detail, for obvious reasons. Yet a word is due to the rising English singers who took part in the music—especially in praise of Madame Lemmens Sherrington and Mr. Wilbye Cooper. That love of good music should not exclude enterprise is a text on which such frequent expatiation has been made in these columns, that we will not return upon it now. Enough to say that Mr. Jackson's *Cantata*, 'The Year,' cannot be accepted as equivalent for the two new and successful works by Messrs. Hatton and Macfarren, produced (in addition to a Psalm by its composer) three years ago. It would have been only gracious in the Bradford Committee to have given either of the two composers in question a commission for some new composition; supposing it devoutly resolute, as seems to have been the case, to perform nothing (save the inevitable 'Messiah'), which the Leeds people did in 1853, and assuming it as entirely out of the question that any foreign work should have been thought of. But wisdom and foresight in organizing such entertainments with a liberal prudence do not spring up armed *cap-à-pie*, after the fashion of Minerva; and assuming that the third Bradford Festival has gained on its predecessors in some respects, we hope that the fourth, three years hence, will show progress in matters no less essential than those pertaining to pounds, shillings and pence.

We are more disposed than ever to wedge in the recommendation of attempts at novelty wherever it be practicable, from observing the annual increase of concert-tours. These generally consist of a quartet of singers, an accompanist, and sometimes a solo instrumentalist. While Madame Goldschmidt, Signor Belletti, and Herren Goldschmidt and Joachim are conquering the Sister Isle, Mdle. Tietjens will head four singers (including Signor Giuglini) from the Drury Lane Opera,—while Mdle. Piccolomini, with three other playfellows from the same theatre (one of them M. Belart), has a roving commission in another direction.—Thirdly, there is Madame Rudersdorff's party, helped on its way by Herr Molique,—fourthly, that of Madame Louisa Vinning, to whom M. Rémyényi is joined as *solo* player. All of these parties must, it is obvious, beat the towns and villages of England with

the same programme; since though some among them advertise themselves as open to engagements for "Oratorios," these can only be the hackneyed works which, without any disrespect to individual cleverness of the singers, can but be sung mechanically. Between execution and that prepared under other conditions there is all the difference that exists betwixt barrel-organ and organ. However convenient such arrangements may be for managers, and however advantageous to young performers is the opportunity of frequent appearance before the public, for composers and for audiences the "concert tour" system works badly.

Signor Costa is understood to be engaged in composing a new Oratorio:—the text, as before, is by Mr. Bartholomew.

"You are, I think, mistaken," writes a Correspondent, "in supposing that Henry VII. (whose reign was anything but 'sumptuous,'—say, rather, distinguished by its avaricious stinginess from those immediately before and after it)—was the 'first English sovereign on record who treated music as an art.' The last two Kings of the White Rose had far more love for the art, and more sumptuous establishments for its enjoyment, if records are to be trusted. Edward IV. had a regular band of musicians as part of his court establishment, 'fraternitas ministrallorum regis'—'Parliam. Rolls,' quoted by Pauli, v. 445. And Herr von Rozmital, the German who visited England in that reign, attests the number and excellence of the Royal Chapel:—'Musicos nullo uquam in loco jucundiores et suauiores audiuimus, quam ibi, eorum chorus sexaginta circiter cantoribus constat.' From Rymers we learn that these court-musicians were handsomely salaried.—Crookbacked Richard, short and troubled though his reign was, showed, if possible, a still greater love for music. Pauli, quoting from the Harleian MSS., says—'A well-trained musical performance was a pleasure which he could never dispense with, either in church or in hall. A choir of men and boys forms part of his suite wherever he goes, ready to perform in the chapel or in private,—and his accounts make frequent entries of the troops of trumpeters and minstrels.'—In regard to the above, we may be allowed to explain that there was no mention of "sumptuousness" as generally characterizing the reign of Henry VII. The comment contained in the note is, perhaps, less at variance with the text animal-verted on than may seem. It should, however, have been more precisely stated that, not until the period adverted to, that of Henry VII., did Music begin to emerge from that state in which, be the materials for art ever so many, the thing itself can hardly be said to exist. Hence,—not from inadvertence of the fiddle or psalter, the minstrels and the chapel-singers of elder Sovereigns,—do we conceive the reign in question not a bad starting-point,—our estimation of most specimens of an earlier date not being Mr. Chappell's, but including such an epithet as *semi-barbarous*.—This, to pursue illustration a step further, we should extend to elder and more famed music still—that of the Greeks, among whom, in their great age of perfect sculpture and tragedy, something passed for music which with us would no more pass for art, than the chant of the Bayaderes or the old grim tones of the Ambrosian and Gregorian rite.

The Surrey Concert-Room is again open. The music there is now under the management of Herr Schallehn.—Canterbury Hall has added the fourth act of Signor Verdi's 'Macbeth' to the first one, the performance of which was dwelt on some weeks since. Acts second and third are advertised as being in rehearsal.

The *Opéra Comique* of Paris, which, during the time of incubation of the new opera by M. Meyerbeer, has been exclusively devoted to that object, is now about to renew its repertory. Two or three new works have already appeared in addition to those which we have been promised. One of these was 'Le Rosier,' by M. H. Potier, in which two new singers, Mlle. Guerra, a Milanese lady, and M. Ambroise were tried. The gentleman is described as an acquisition to the ranks of comic acting-singers. The second novelty, 'Voyage autour ma Chambre,' by M. Grisar, is described

in the *Gazette Musicale* as having gained complete success. The principal character is in the hands of that consummate actor, M. Coudere.—Shortly is to come 'La Pagode,' a two-act opera, the essay-piece of a young composer, M. Fauchonier, in which Mlles. Bousquet and Geoffroy ("of whom," to quote the *Journal des Débats*, "many favourable things are said") will "come out."

Mdlle. Poincet, who for some years belonged to the *Grand Opéra* of Paris, and has since been singing in America, is about to appear at the *Teatro della Scala* at Milan.

To add to the list of the foreign ephemera of the time, may be mentioned a victory *Cantata*, given at the *Grand Opéra* at Paris—'The Return of the Grand Army,' the music by no French, but a Belgian composer, M. Gevaert. There has been also a *Cantata* at the *Opéra Comique* by M. Duprato, in which Mdlle. Wertheimer, a clever mezzo-soprano, personated the Muse of History, with a success which the *Journal des Débats* advertises as one of those happy moments which decide the place of an artist.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Shakespeare's Sonnets*.—Dr. Drake first put forth the idea that "W. H." implied the initials, inverted, of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. Mr. Bowden, with better reason, contended that they stood for William Herbert, the young Earl of Pembroke. Let us examine the dates of the Poems, as a guide to elucidate this question. In 1593, Shakespeare published his 'Venus and Adonis,' which he calls "the first heir of his invention" in his dedication "To the Right Honourable Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield." In 1594, the poem of 'Lucrece' was published, with a dedication to the same nobleman, his titles being set forth in full, by "your Lordship's in all duty, William Shakespeare." The Sonnets were first published, "never before imprinted," being expressed in the title-page, in 1609, for T. T., whose identity is ascertained from the entry at Stationers' Hall; "20 May, 1609, Tho. Thorpe, a booke called Shakespeare's Sonnets." T. T. dedicates these verses "To the only begetter of these ensuing Sonnets, Mr. W. H." &c. But such a style would not be proper for the Earl of Pembroke, who had succeeded to his father's title in 1601. Is it certain that "Mr. W. H." is alluded to by Shakespeare in his Sonnets? Many of the stanzas are addressed to a woman, who appears to have slighted the Poet's affection, preferring the love of his friend. One line in stanza xx, as originally printed,

A man in how all *Hecus* in his controwling, led Tyrwhitt to conjecture that "W. H." stood for W. Hughes. But who was W. Hughes? and how was he connected with the Poet? Mr. Collier considers that "T. T., or Thorpe, may have been indebted to some one bearing the initials "W. H." for obtaining the Sonnets in a collected form, which had been scattered among various parties,—and that for this reason he inscribed them to "W. H." as their "begetter." Although I humbly beg to differ from Mr. Collier in the value which he places on the discovered "Perkins" Folio, yet I heartily concur in your indignant rebuke to those who impute such unworthy motives to him, as would, if true, rank him with an Ireland, and thus brand the loving labour he has bestowed on the great Poet's works with a stigma which time cannot efface. The opinion I have ventured to state to the great tragedian, who retired a few years ago, alas! from the stage, is, that the much-talked-of Folio fell into the hands of one who was either the manager, or prompter, of a theatre, whose calling is shown by the many instances wherein a pen has been drawn through passages for the sake of curtailment, as well as by the minuteness of the stage directions. The genuineness of the volume is one thing; its value as a reference is quite another question.

G. R. F.

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**HARVEY'S FISH SAUCE.**—Notice of Injunction.—The admirers of this celebrated Fish Sauce are particularly requested to observe that none is genuine but that which bears the back label with the name of **WILLIAM LARSENBY**, as well as the front label signed "Elizabeth Larsenby," and that for further security, on the neck of every bottle of the Genuine Sauce, will henceforward appear an additional label, printed in green and red, as follows:—"This notice will be inserted in the neck of every bottle of Harvey's Sauce, and is intended to protect the same from imitation by a perpetual injunction in Chancery of 9th July, 1858."—4, Edwards-street, Portman-square, London.

**DURABILITY OF GUTTA PERCHA TUBING.**—Many inquiries having been made as to the Durability of Gutta Percha Tubing, the Gutta Percha Company have pleasure in giving publicity to the following letter:—"From **SIR RAYMOND JARVIS, BAR, VENTNOR, Isle of Wight.**" Second Testimonial.—"March 10th, 1859.—In reply to your letter, received this morning, respecting the Gutta Percha Tubing for Pump Service, I can state, with much satisfaction, it answers perfectly. Many builders, and other persons, have lately examined it, and there is not the least apparent difference since the first laying down, now several years; and I am informed that it is to be adopted generally in the houses that are being erected here."—H. B. From this testimonial it will be seen that the DURABLE WATER of the ISLE of WIGHT has no effect on Gutta Percha Tubing.  
**THE GUTTA PERCHA COMPANY, PATENTEES,**  
15, WHARF-ROAD, CITY-ROAD, LONDON.

**BARBER'S POISONED WHEAT** kills Mice and Sparrows on the spot.—In 1d., 2d., 4d., and 8d. packets, with directions and testimonials. No risk nor damage in laying this Wheat about. From a single packet hundreds of mice and sparrows have been destroyed. **Barbery & Sons, 95, Farringdon-street; W. Sutton & Co., Bow-churchyard; B. Yates & Co., 25, Budge-row, London, and sold by all Druggists, Grocers, &c., throughout the Kingdom.** Barber's Poisoned Wheat Works, IPSWICH, removed from Eye, Suffolk.

**WHEN YOU ASK FOR GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH, SEE THAT YOU GET IT, AS INFERIOR KINDS ARE OFFERED.**  
**WOTHERPOON & CO., GLASGOW and LONDON.**

**PARTRIDGE & COZENS, No. 1, CHANCERY-LANE,** is the cheapest house for PAPER, ENVELOPES, &c. Useful Cream Laid Note, 5 quires for 6d.—Super Thick ditto, 5 quires for 1s.—Super Thick Cream Laid Envelopes, 6d. per 100—Large Blue Office ditto, 4d. per 100, or 500 for 3s.—Sermon Paper, 4d.—Straw Paper, 6d.—Foolscap, 4d. 6d. per man.—India Note, 5 quires for 1s.—Black-Bordered Note, 5 quires for 1s.—Manuscript Paper, 3d. per quire—Copy Books, 2s. per gross—P. & C's Steel Pen, as flexible as the Quill, 1s. 3d. per gross. Price Lists free. Orders over 20s. carriage paid to the country.—**PARTRIDGE & COZENS, Manufacturing Stationers, 1, Chancery-lane, and 192, Fleet-street.** Trade supplied.

**IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.**  
**METALLIC PEN MAKER to the QUEEN,**  
BY ROYAL COMMAND.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT** begs most respectfully to inform the Commercial World, Scholarly Institutions, and the public generally that, by a novel application of his unrivalled Machinery for making Steel Pens, and in accordance with the scientific spirit of the times he has introduced a new series of his useful productions, which for EXCELLENCE of TEMPER, QUALITY of MATERIAL, and, above all, CHEAPNESS in PRICE, he believes will ensure universal popularity and durable success.

Each Pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; and they are put up in the usual style of boxes, containing one gross each, with label outside, and the fac-simile of his signature.

At the request of persons extensively engaged in tuition, J. G. has introduced his **WARRANTED SCHOOL and PUBLIC PENS,** which are especially adapted to their use, being of different degrees of flexibility, and with fine, medium, and broad points, suitable for the various kinds of Writing taught in Schools. Sold Retail by all Stationers, Booksellers, and other respectable Dealers in Steel Pens.—Merchants and wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Bury, Bedfordshire, or at the Depot, No. 91, JOHN-STREET, NEW YORK; and at 37, GRACE-CHURCH-STREET, LONDON.

**CULLETON'S CARDS, Wedding, Visiting, and Trade.**—A Copper-Plate engraved in any style, and fifty superior Cards printed for 2s. Post free.—**EMBOSSING PRESS** with Crest or Name, and Address, for stamping paper, 15s.—25, Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, W.C.

**ORNAMENTS for the MANTELPIECE, &c.**—Statuettes, Groups, Vases, &c., in Parian, decorated Bisque and other China; Clocks ( gilt, marble, and bronze); Alabaster, Solignum, Brasses, and other materials; and other Art Manufactures, combining Novelty, Beauty, and High Art. Prices extremely moderate.  
**THOMAS PEARCE & SON, 23, Ludgate-hill, E.C.**

**FURNITURE.**—Where to Buy, What to Buy, How to Buy.—**COMPLETE FURNISHING GUIDES,** with all Explanations, and Illustrated by 200 Engravings; to be had post-free of P. & S. BEYFUS, City Furniture Warehouse, 91, 93 and 95, City-road. Goods delivered free to any part of the kingdom, and exchanged if not approved. Note the 15s. Rosewood or Walnut Drawing-room Suits, covered in velvet. Brussels Carpets, 2s. 3d. per yard.

**RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.**  
**WHITE'S MOO-MAN LEVER TRUSS** is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of self support, so often harmful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOO-MAN PAD and PATENT LEVER fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on receipt of 10s. for the body, two inches below the hips, being sent to the Manufacturer.  
**MR. WHITE, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.**

**ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, &c.** for VARICOSE VEINS, and all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, SPRAINS, &c. They are porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and are drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price, from 7s. 6d. to 10s. each, postpaid.  
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**THE NEW MORNING DRAUGHT.**  
**HOOPER'S SELTZER POWDERS** make a most agreeable, effervescent, tasteless Aperient morning draught, and are acknowledged by every one who tries them to be infinitely superior in every respect to any Salads Powders, effervescent more briskly, are quite tasteless, are painless in operation, and effective in result. Sold in 2s. 6d. boxes, by HOOPER, Chemist, London Bridge; also by SARGENT, 120, Oxford-street, and on order by all Druggists throughout the London wholesale houses.

**DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA** has been for many years sanctioned by the most eminent of the Medical Profession as an excellent remedy for Acidity, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion. An emulsion of this is admirably adapted for delicate females, particularly during pregnancy; and it prevents the food of infants from turning sour during digestion. Combined with the ACIDULATED LEMON SYRUP, it forms an Effervescent Aperient Draught, which is highly agreeable and efficacious.—Prepared by **DINNEFORD & Co., Dispensing Chemists, and general Agents for the improved Horseshair Globes and Belts, 174, New Bond-street, London; and sold by all respectable Chemists throughout the Empire.**

**THE following is an EXTRACT from the** Second Edition (page 158) of the Translation of the Pharmacopoeia of the Royal College of Physicians of London, by G. F. COLLIER, published by London & Co.  
"It is no small defect in this compilation (speaking of the Pharmacopoeia) that we have no purgative mass but one—castor oil; yet we know that hemorrhoidal persons cannot bear aloes, except it be in the form of COCKLE'S PILLS, which chiefly consist of aloes, scammony, and colocynth, which I think is a sort of compound extract of the same kind, and which is obtained, I suspect, by an alkaline process, and by a fourth ingredient (unknown to me) of an aromatic tincture. I think no better and no worse of it for its use as a purgative, but as it is an article of commerce and domestic convenience, and do not hesitate to say, it is the best mass Pill in the kingdom; a muscular purge, a cathartic purge, and a purgative of the blood, and its effects properly controlled by a stringent and correlative. That it does not commonly produce hemorrhoids, like most aloe pills, I attribute to its being thoroughly solidified, so that no undissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane."

**DR. H. JAMES, the retired Physician, dis-**covered while in the East Indies a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow-creatures, he will send, post-free, to those who wish it, the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, on their remitting him six stamps.—Address O. F. BROWN, 14, Cecil-street, Strand.

**GREY HAIR RESTORED to its NATURAL COLOUR.**—Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Rheumatism, and Soft Joints, cured by F. M. HERRING'S PATENT MAGNETIC BRUSHES, 12, Abchurch-lane, London. These Brushes, which are sold by all Chemists, restore the hair and baldness prevented by F. M. H. 's Patent Preventive Brush, price 4s. and 5s. Offices, 33, Abchurch-lane, London. The most perfect and successful remedy for restoring the hair in baldness from whatever cause, and at any age. Price 2s. sent anywhere free by post on receipt of 24 penny stamps by DR. RUSSELL, 1, Raglan-street, Kentish Town, London.

**DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT HAIR.** WHISKERS, &c.—DR. RUSSELL LIXIVINE, an elegantly perfumed toilet compound, is guaranteed to produce Moustaches, Whiskers, Eyebrows, &c., in two or three weeks. strengthens weak hair, prevents its falling off, checks greyness, restores the original colour, and reproduces the hair in baldness from whatever cause, and at any age. Price 2s. sent anywhere free by post on receipt of 24 penny stamps by DR. RUSSELL, 1, Raglan-street, Kentish Town, London.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**—The liver, that large and important organ, which secretes bile, and transmits it to the duodenum and gall bladder, is exposed to serious and sometimes fatal derangements. It is a painful and distressing ailment, and on the top of the right shoulder, much uneasiness in lying on the left side, a dry cough, and difficulty of breathing, are among the most frequent signs that the liver is more or less affected. For all disorders of this vital organ **HOLLOWAY'S PILLS** are a specific. By checking the over supply of bile, they effect a permanent cure.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MAN WHO KEEPS A HORSE, COW, SHEEP, OR PIG.

# THORLEY'S FOOD FOR CATTLE,

As used in HER MAJESTY'S STABLES, and also on H.R.H. the PRINCE CONSORT'S FARM, Windsor.

**I**N making purchases of Compounded Cattle Foods—other than “Thorley’s”—it has been found that much disappointment has arisen. On the introduction to public notice of any new ingredient, many imitators are certain to spring up, particularly when the article is not a patent one; but, happily for the reputation of Thorley’s Food, no single instance is on record of a direct failure, when his instructions are fully and faithfully carried out. It is not possible failure should ever ensue, excepting when the Food has been kept too long, or in a damp place; for the ingredients of which it is composed are so certain to bear out the truthful report of Dr. Hassall, the analysis of Dr. Apjohn and Professor Way, the merited testimonial of Dr. Brown, that no difficulty exists in strongly urging upon the attention of intending purchasers the absolute necessity of first satisfying themselves they are to be supplied with Thorley’s Food; and, secondly, to secure a strict and honest administering of it. Failure will thus become totally impossible, and condemnation only justly awarded to the production of those whose manufacturing ingredients differ so essentially from his.

**For HORSES** it is indispensable in promoting and sustaining all the Animal Functions in Health and Vigour.

**For MILCH COWS** it is invaluable, increasing the quantity and improving the quality of the Milk.

**For BEASTS** nothing can compare with it for feeding quickly.

**For SHEEP and PIGS** its effects in one month will exceed all expectation.

In feeding Domestic Animals the addition of this Food may be attended with a subtraction of other food to the extent of one-third, thereby rendering its application one of economy; while at the same time it materially assists the digestive powers of every animal, in extracting a larger amount of nourishment from the ordinary food, which would otherwise be lost, consequent upon the impaired or defective action of those organs.

The following extract from the *Lancet* of the 8th of January, 1859, cannot be too generally disseminated:—

“We have examined and carefully analyzed the sample of Thorley’s Food for Cattle sufficiently to be enabled to state of it, that the ingredients of which it is composed are numerous. Of these, some are used on account of their nutritious properties; others from containing sugar and oil, and therefore on account of their fattening qualities; and, lastly, others on account of their tonic and aromatic and gently stimulant properties. The combination is certainly a good one, and well adapted to increase the digestive powers of Horses and other Cattle. It is not intended as a substitute for oats or ordinary cattle food; but it enables animals, by the increased vigour which it imparts to the digestive organs, to extract more nourishment from the food given them, especially from the cheaper articles, such as chopped hay and straw. Professor Apjohn’s Report is strictly correct.”

Such a testimonial, extracted from our leading medical journal, edited by a gentleman of the highest attainments and character, cannot but be demonstrative of the singular efficacy of this remarkable compound; added to which, with praiseworthy anxiety, and to afford the public every guarantee for the purity and nutritious character of the food, it has been submitted to the examination and analysis of that eminent analytical chemist, Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D., whose Report has been published in *extenso* in the *Mark Lane Express* of 10th January, 1859, and in which the following remarks appear:

“Comparing Thorley’s Food for Cattle with other cattle foods with the composition of which I am acquainted, I unhesitatingly assert that it is infinitely superior to any other at present known to me. In all those of which I have a knowledge, I have found ingredients to be present which have been added solely on account of their cheapness, that is, for the purpose of adulteration, and to the exclusion of other valuable but more expensive articles. In some of the foods I have detected ingredients which are positively hurtful. I consider, then, that the use of Thorley’s Food is attended, not with an additional, but with a considerable saving of expense. I am glad, therefore, to be enabled to recommend—which I do strongly and conscientiously—THORLEY’S FOOD FOR CATTLE as a highly important and valuable compound for the feeding of all descriptions of cattle.”

## IMPORTANT NOTICE:—

Bingley Hall Cattle Show, Birmingham, November 29, 1858:—

Class 6, First Prize, fed on Thorley’s Food for Cattle, Shorthorn Steer, catalogue 59, the property of Richard Stratton, Esq., Broad Hinton, Swindon.

Class 2, Second Prize, fed on Thorley’s Food, Hereford Steer, catalogue 20, the property of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.

Class 20, First Prize, fed on Thorley’s Food, Devon Steer, catalogue 81, the property of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.

Class 7, First Prize and Gold Medal, and 20*l.* extra prize, fed on Thorley’s Food, Shorthorn Cow, catalogue 67, the property of R. Swinerton, Esq.

Class 14, Second Prize, fed on Thorley’s Food, Longhorn Cow, catalogue 55, the property of R. H. Chapman, Esq.

Class 1, highly commended, fed on Thorley’s Food, Hereford Steer, catalogue 4, the property of the Earl of Aylesford, Packington.

Class 18, commended, fed on Thorley’s Food for Cattle, Short-wooled Sheep, catalogue 174, the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Aylesford.

Five Prizes were awarded at the Gloucester Agricultural Show, Nov. 23, for Cattle fed on Thorley’s Food.

Smithfield Cattle Show, December 7, 1858:—

Class 9, No. 55, First Prize and Gold Medal, Silver Medal and extra prize, fed on Thorley’s Food, Shorthorn Steer, the property of Richard Stratton, Esq.

Class 12, No. 90, Third Prize, fed on Thorley’s Food, Shorthorn Cow, property of Charles Barnet, Esq., Stratton Park, Biggleswade.

No. 347, First Prize and Silver Medal, fed on Thorley’s Food, best Pig in extra stock, the property of William Baker, Esq., of Furwell House, Christchurch.

Class 6, No. 39, First Prize 25*l.*, fed on Thorley’s Food, Hereford Steer, property of Robert Swinerton, Esq., Wetherburn.

Leicester Agricultural Show, 1858:—  
Class 7, Prize 10*l.*, Mr. William Winterton, of Wolvey Villa, Heifer of the Durham breed, fed on Thorley’s Food.

Thornbury Great Monthly Market, December 1858:—  
“We must not omit to notice some extraordinary fat oxen, which were exhibited by John Hatcher, Esq., of Marlwood Grange, near Thornbury. We understand that they were fattened on Thorley’s Cattle Food, which article seems to have a wonderful effect on cattle generally, by keeping them healthy, creating an appetite, and causing them to thoroughly digest their other food. It is extensively used in this neighbourhood.”

The above are a few of the many Prizes obtained through the use of this invaluable compound, which is adapted for all kinds of stock, and now in general use throughout the world.

Sold in Cases containing 448 Packages, each Package One Feed—with JOSEPH THORLEY’S signature, price 56*s.* per Case; and in Cases, containing the same quantity loose, with Measure enclosed and signature burnt thereon, price 50*s.* Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom.

## OFFICES—77, NEWGATE-STREET, LONDON.

Steam Mills and Manufactory—CALEDONIAN-ROAD, within Five Minutes’ Walk of King’s Cross Station.

Post-office Orders must be made payable to JOSEPH THORLEY, General Post-Office, St. Martin’s-le-Grand.

For export, the 56*s.* Cases only are shipped.

The Public are cautioned against being imposed upon by worthless imitations.

Editorial Communications should be addressed to “The Editor”—Advertisements and Business Letters to “The Publisher”—at the Office, 14, Wellington-street North, Strand, London, W.C.  
Printed by JAMES HODGKINS, of No. 4, New Ormond-street, in the county of Middlesex, at his office, 4, Took’s-court, Chancery-lane, in the parish of St. Andrew, in said county; and published by JOHN FRANCIS, 14, Wellington-street North, in said county, Publisher, at 14, Wellington-street North aforesaid.—Agents: for SCOTLAND, Messrs. Bell & Bradburn, Edinburgh;—for IRELAND, Mr. John Robertson, Dublin.—Saturday, August 27, 1859.